THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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MIDNIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HELEN M. EARLE.

On my window pane
The ceaseless, weeping rain
Is pouring, pouring!
And the wind the old trees rocking,
'Gainst the house their arms are knocking,
Like some mendicant imploring
For a shelter from the rain.
The sad wind spirits moaning
In its dreariness well in toning,
With my own,
As I sit within my chamber
By my fireside all alone,
And list the wind's sad moan.

On my walls and curtains white
The dim, dim fire light
Weaves such strange fantastic shadows!
They are hiding in the gloom,
In the corners of the room;
Or their phantom forms are passing,
O'er the walls, each other chasing,
Till a flame from out the fire,
Mounteth higher still, and higher.
And they vanish from my sight,
But the flame doth flicker, flicker,
And the shades are falling thicker
Over curtain, floor and ceiling—
The old church clock is pealing,
And its dreary tones are telling
'Tis the deepest hour of night.

Yet with all my deep heart sadness,
There's a thought of quiet gladness.
But 'tis as the ocean's breast,
Stilleth when the storms wild madness
Hath been hushed and gone to rest.
And busy Thought is calling,
While the shades are round me falling,
Up sad phantoms—strange—appalling!
For down in the embers gazing
I see—oh, sight amazing!
In the flame and embers strife
A picture of my life.

Can it be imagination?
Is this only Thought's creation?
Nay—the picture is not bright
In the fire's dull, fitful light.
But deep shades the embers borrow
To depict a life of sorrow;
It is like a troubled dream
Far adown Time's flowing stream,
I can see Care's darkening shadows,
And its banks are thickly strewn
With the graves of hopes long flown.
And I see with bitter tears,
How into the vale of years,
It is swiftly gliding on.

Father, Thy stricken one,
I bow and own Thy righteous will,
And all these troubled thoughts—be still—be still!
I ever need, I know, Thy chastening rod
I own—adore Thee as my Lord—my God—
And I would bear alone
These weighty sorrows; yet my saddest song,
Is ever—Father, oh, how long—how long!

WHY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

I stood upon the deck of a small steamer, watching the smoke curling in blue wreathes above the spires of Charleston, melting away in the purplish mists which enveloped the tall, rugged hills rising upon all sides. I had been travelling through the picturesque regions of West Virginia, enjoying the wild, grand scenery with all the enthusiastic delight of Nature's adoring worshipper; and was now on my return to the West, bound for Cincinnati, to whose dark, smoke-discolored walls, I turned my face reluctantly from the gray grandeur of the lofty mountains, and the vivid green of their beautiful foliage.

Slow and sweet upon the still air came the chimes of a distant church bell. Being the Sabbath-day there were no harsh sounds to break the delicious spell which had crept over me. The Kanawha wound peacefully under the shadows of her guardian hills, clear and silvery in the sunlight. Here and there a little skiff flashed out upon the smooth tide, adding to the beauty of the scene by the musical ripple it made in the waves.

While I looked and listened, they were preparing to put on steam for our outgoing. The hiss and clatter at length became distasteful, following so close upon the soothing silence. The holy hush of the day was ended. All the thoughts that had crowded most pleasantly to my mind were put to flight. In disgust I was going back into the ladies' cabin, when my eye fell upon a quaint little figure which came toward the wharf with the evident intention of coming aboard.

What struck me most forcibly was the exceeding girlishness of the face and figure. She did not look to be twenty, yet there was a child in her arms, and another beside her, clinging to the hand held out to guide him carefully over the rough stones.

As she crossed the plank her bonnet fell back a little, and I saw her features distinctly—a strange look of determination in the eyes and about the mouth. The former were brown, a bright, rich color like the hair which had fallen loose, escaping in curls to her shoulders. The latter was full and red—the lips pouting, like ripe cherries in color, their beauty striking in spite of the almost stern compression.

Without being aware of the fact, I was at once deeply interested. I turned and followed her into the cabin when she had passed me, hoping to learn something about her when she should speak to the captain, whom I saw approaching. He came to her, bowed politely, waiting for her to speak, at the same time regarding both mother and children with an unmistakably curious gaze. I saw her color deepen vividly, and the hand holding the boy's, close over it more tightly; but those were the only signs of embarrassment she gave. When she spoke, her tones though low, were clear and even, having in them the firm, peculiar ring of determination that I had marked expressed in her face. I knew from the moment I had looked into that face the woman's heart was moved by some strong, powerful impulse, kindling her will to a strength it would be difficult to subdue.

"Captain——you are the captain, I suppose?"

"Yes, madam."

"I want to go to Cincinnati, and have come a long way from the place that once was my home. I have no money. If you will allow me a passage on your boat with my children I will pledge myself to pay you as soon after I reach Cincinnati as possible. It will be necessary for me to earn it first."

There was a directness—an earnestness and confidence in her address which pleased me. Catching the captain's eye I nodded significantly, seeing which the rather grave, doubtful expression faded from his face, and he smiled genially.

"Certainly, I will give you a passage with pleasure. Shall I show you a state-room now?"

"If you please," was the answer, and I watched her as she followed him, still leading the little one, whose bright, blue eyes roamed wonderingly over the novelties around him.

Presently the captain came forward again and sent a boy ashore for a small trunk which a colored boy was guarding upon the steps of one of the commission houses a few yards distant. While he conveyed it to the stranger's state-room, I took out my purse, quietly paid the amount for her passage to Cincinnati, and regardless of the captain's curious questions, went back to the rear of the cabin and seated myself in a large rocking-chair, where I could see her when she came out of her room.

It was some time before she made her appearance. I had time to indulge in all sorts of curious speculations concerning her ere the door opened, and she emerged with the little ones, looking fresh and sweet as possible in a change of dress. The boy's little coat and pants of dark material were brushed perfectly free from dust—the ruffle about neck and wrists spotless in whiteness. Fair, curly rings of hair lay brightly heaped over the white forehead, giving to the child's face a charming cast of beauty—like the gleam from some rare old picture of the infant Saviour. The babe, with a pink frock and snowy apron, was no less pure and fair. From them I looked more closely at the mother, a sense of satisfaction in the knowledge that she was as careful of her own appearance, though she had not changed the dress of dark plaid—black and red—which she wore when she came on board. It looked clean—came high up to the throat, and had fastened above it a linen collar. Tiny linen cuffs were about the wrists, and the brown hair brushed smoothly back upon her neck, where it lay rolled and pinned in a shining coil.

The eldest boy clambered into a chair and began to survey the cabin with evident delight, while the mother sat down with the babe in her lap, drawing the little head against her bosom with an infinitely tender movement, where it lay quietly. One hand wandered softly over the silky brown curls, but she leaned her own head against the back of her chair, and slowly rocked herself back and forth with a monotonous movement.

The hard, determined expression had faded out of her eyes. They were very soft now, almost sad; certainly they were very thoughtful, with the long lashes drooping over them so dreamily.

I regarded her silently until I feared to give offence by pertinacious staring. Having a fixed resolution in my mind to find out all that I could about her, it struck me I had best begin; and as there is no surer way to a mother's heart than through her children, I held out my hand to the boy coaxingly.

"Will you not come and speak to me, little man? Tell me your name."

He got down from his chair, came and laid his chubby hand in mine fearlessly.

"My name is Willie Devereaux."

"And Willie is going to Cincinnati, is he not?"

"Yes, ma'am, with mamma and Ossie."

"Oscar, he means," explained the mother, smiling quietly, "his little brother," and her hand passed from the hair to the chin, lifted the baby face and drew it to her lips lovingly.

I was delighted. She had given me the opportunity I wished, to pass from the boy to herself, which I did by an easy transit, holding to him as a connecting link.

"He is a bright, frank little fellow. You seem young to have two children."

"Yes;" catching her breath with a sigh, but drawing the babe closer to her breast. "I am rather young, and they are a trouble, though a very precious one. It is well for the heart to have something all its own to cling to."

"Indeed it is. Otherwise life would stretch in dreary wastes before many who are yet struggling on hopefully because of such ties. You can never feel desolate while you have them."

"No, thank God, though there is a grave over every other hope and joy in my life," she answered earnestly.

I could not question further. This announcement, which cast so painful a shade over the fair features, erected a bar between us over which I dared not pass. She shrank within herself immediately, as if from pain too deep to face and bear. Hoping that I might at some time win her to say more of herself without distressing her, I bided my time with what patience I could, and turned again to the boy, with whom I chatted until we were roused by the confusion which assured us that the boat was leaving the shore, and I took him out upon the guard to watch Charleston as we swept down the river.

Mrs. Devereaux came out and stood near me, her eyes taking in the whole scene with one last, long, lingering glance. Tender and wistful seemed the gaze cast up to the arching skies—the blue crowned hills—the receding city. And as a bend in the river shut it from sight, a sigh passed her lips, and she turned silently away.

I kept little Willie with me, and we speedily became firm friends. Until Mrs. Devereaux came on board, I had taken no particular interest in any one, though the boat was full of ladies, whose society I might have sought with pleasant results. A weariness of commonplace associations had come over me, and I avoided them with something more than indifference, wishing to be left alone with my own thoughts.

Mrs. Devereaux's coming dispelled this feeling. There was something so strangely fascinating in her girlish face, her lonely desolate condition, with the care of two helpless little ones, my heart went out to her yearningly. What could she do alone, among strangers, and utterly destitute? In my musings, I fancied her thrust apart from her kind, stripped of all that was dearest, and cast upon the world to drift on the tide as best she could. A woman, a mother, with the bloom of girlish beauty still fresh upon her cheek, how could I stand coldly aside, and see her face the world in her blindness and inexperience? My woman's nature knew the force of a wakened impulse, which was strong and positive. I would step to her side and force her to take my sympathy and aid, whether she liked or not to do it. Some day she would have learned to appreciate the feeling, when she had tested the world, and knew by what springs its ponderous and complicated machinery moved on.

Through her children, I soon learned to bring myself into her presence unreservedly; but she did not give me her confidence readily. Reserved and preoccupied in manner, few words were allowed to pass her lips from which I could glean anything of her history. Whatever it was that preyed upon her mind, and had sent her forth into the world so forlornly, she kept to herself, and though she talked with me a good deal in the two first days of our journey, it was always upon indifferent topics, seldom about herself.

Captain Custar came upon me in the afternoon of the second day, where I had been playing with Willie upon the guards. Mrs. Devereaux had just gone into the cabin with Oscar, who had fallen asleep in her arms.

"You have deserted me rather unkindly," he said, accosting me pleasantly. "Do you always make it a point to keep yourself as far removed from those to whose care you confide yourself?"

I laughed.

"I hope I shall not need much looking after. I only asked to place myself in your charge that I might avoid the unpleasantness of travelling entirely without protection. I make it a point to take necessary precautions, you see. But Willie and I have got on so well, I have not troubled you."

"What queer specimens have we picked up, anyway?" he asked. "What, and who is she?"

"A lady evidently rather girlish and inexperienced, yet more than ordinarily interesting. About her I have learned really nothing, save that all her relatives are dead. She seems alone with these little ones, but full of a determination, which I should like well to understand fully. I should love to know her thoughts, plans, and wishes. She puzzles me—interests me—almost exasperates, while enlisting my warmest sympathy."

"You are a woman. Take courage, and find out what you want to know. It is said that a woman can unravel any mystery."

"Not at the expense of delicacy and feeling," I answered, shortly. "I will not wound her willingly. If I can judge, she has enough to trouble her. Soon enough the world will teach her what curiosity will do to add to her ills. I will not be remembered as the first to pain her with pertinacious questions. If I can win her confidence, bring her to speak of her own will, I shall be glad. If not, we will part as we met, in ignorance of each other."

Captain Custar laughed, and passed on to the upper deck. A moment later, Mrs. Devereaux came out, and leaned over the guards beside me. After a little while she spoke.

"I think it but right to tell you that I have heard your conversation with the captain. My room opens so close beside you, I could not help it. Why do you take so warm an interest in me?"

"Because you seem lonely and friendless."

Her eyes drooped, and I saw a large tear splash upon the railing over which she leaned.

"Yes, I am friendless, save the One who is faithful to all. I cannot tell you my history. It is too sorrowful. But I am not afraid of the world, for which you seem inclined to look for little mercy toward me. God will not forsake His children, when they trust in Him, and are resolved to live aright. I am going into the world He created, to work for my children. If I fall in higher aims—I can at least, like Ruth, glean enough from the ripened harvests, to supply them with food. That will be better than what the past has brought me."

There was a sudden bitter tinge in the tone, and a vague heartache responded to her expression. I could not help what I did. The impulse was so strong to help and save her from what I dreaded.

"If ever you should find the task too hard, come to me, let me help you," I said wistfully. "I have no one but myself, and more than I need. A woman may come to another for aid as she may not to a man, and I would like you to promise to let me be your friend if ever you need one."

"I will promise it," she answered, facing me with a warm flush on cheek and brow. "I feel that you are good and true, and I will never forget your kindness. God bless you, madam. If I never call upon you, the memory of your generosity will live in my heart."

She grasped my hand, and pressed it to her lips with a fervor which brought the tears to my eyes. I could with difficulty restrain my emotion under the influence of her touching gratitude.

Happily, a shout from Willie attracted our attention, diverting our thoughts from the subject. I only took time to hand her a card with my address before going to where the child had wandered, and now stood in an ecstacy of delight.

We had long since entered the Ohio river, and were steaming steadily down the stream, stopping only at a few places to take on or let off passengers. What had attracted Willie's attention was a majestic steamer, the *Bostona*, which came sweeping down toward us, with its brilliant rainbow colors which garnished the outside of the wheel house, gleaming in the sunlight.

Her deck was crowded with passengers, and as she swept by the crew shouted triumphantly, swinging their hats aloft in glee. Of course we could not hope to rival the stately steamer in her superior speed, and our little boat kept steadily on, unmoved by her challenge and derision.

Half an hour elapsed, and she was out of sight. An hour, and we passed her as she lay at a little landing putting off mail and freight. Afterwards we learned that some little repairing was necessary also, which detained her until we were several miles ahead.

Mayaville, Ky., was visible upon our left as we moved onward. We neared it rapidly, and by the time our boat was opposite the town, the *Bostona* came down upon us with a hiss and clatter portending mischief. The passengers upon both boats crowded the decks and guards excitedly, until the *Bostona* swept around with a sharp, short curve, striking the bow of our boat with her stern, and producing a crash that was fearful. One universal cry of terror rent the air. In an instant all was confusion, passengers running in all directions, with screams of distress.

Mrs. Devereaux and I still occupied the guards where we had spent the greater part of the afternoon. With the first indication of danger, she had darted into her room and seized her babe. With him in her arms she stood when the crash came, pale as marble, but very calm. I held on to Willie, refusing to burthen her with the care of both. Only a look and a few words had passed between us.

"If the worst comes, and he can be saved, I will save him," I said.

"I will trust you," was her answer. That was all. In the awful moment that followed, we stood mute and waiting.

Our boat trembled like an aspen. The hull had been shattered till the water poured in, threatening the boilers. The safety-valves had been raised, but the danger was imminent. Not one on board the ill-starred boat hoped for salvation from a terrible death, when that fearful shivering ran through it as a precursor to explosion.

We were near the stern, and a number of boats were sent out from the shore almost instantly. They neared us with speed, a crowd ready to leap into the first one that came within reach.

Meantime, the pilot had turned her shoreward, and was endeavoring to land. But the progress was slow, and the water flooding the lower deck. As fast as it was possible the boats were taking off the passengers, while the excitement grew upon all, under the fear of an explosion.

I drew Willie forward, pushing the mother before me, till we stood at the side where an empty boat had been brought, and the captain leaned over to lower us. With Oscar closely pressed to her bosom, she was handed down in comparative safety, lifting her eyes anxiously to the other little one, who clung mutely to me for safety, only vaguely realizing his position.

I grasped him in my arms, and was preparing for the descent, when a prolonged, gurgling hiss swept through the air. I felt the boat shaken violently, then a sudden sharp lurch, which destroyed my equilibrium. The next moment I found myself struggling in the water. In my rapid descent, the child slipped from my grasp and I lost him. The effort to regain my hold was fruitless. He was swept from me, while I struggled wildly among the obstructions which beset me.

All around me was confusion. The steamer, by the sudden lurch it had given, tossed the waves into miniature mountains, and from above me, a little beyond our quivering, ill-fated vessel, came the wild cries of the *Bostona* passengers who had witnessed the scene with terror. I struggled toward the bank determinedly, seeing safety near me, but as our steamer went down, hissing and sending up great boiling waves of bubbles, my puny strength seemed gnat like in comparison with the force of the water around me. I must have gone down in spite of every effort, had not some friendly hand tossed a rope to me from the shore, by which I was drawn in and placed upon a pile of goods to recover my exhausted energies.

The first thing which caught my attention after a few moment's rest, was a slight figure seated upon the levee, her unbound hair falling in a dripping mass about her shoulders, her white face rigid as marble—almost stern in its bitter agony. To her bosom was clasped the babe—held tightly there as if in fear of losing him, while at her feet, little Willie, my pet and playfellow, lay still and breathless!

A great sob rose and swelled into my throat as I sprung from my recumbent posture and knelt beside the stricken mother. She did not attempt to stay me as I matched the boy from the earth and held him to my bosom, weeping bitterly over the little dead face that lay so peacefully calm and beautiful upon my breast. Only, when I caught the glance of her eye, its agony froze me, while the rigid curve of the lips sent a chill through every limb. I tried to steady my voice to speak gently.

"Don't look so—don't feel so! I tried to save him, but I could not." I faltered; then my voice broke utterly, and still holding Willie in my arms, I sat upon the stones and sobbed aloud.

When I could gain a little self-control, I ventured once more to look into her face. It had softened somewhat, and I thought her eyes had grown humid as she put out her hand to touch the curly mass of bright hair all dripping with water, lying so beautifully over the white brow of the boy. Her fingers touched it softly, lingeringly, and her voice was so full of woe that my pent up tears again flowed fast when she said huskily:

"God has taken my Willie, and they will tell me that He is wise and good—that it is for the best. They will say that it was to punish some sin, or teach me some needed lesson, that I am bereaved. What sin of my life have I not expiated ten fold; and how many more lessons do I need! I tell you God has dealt bitterly with me! My cup is too full, and I cannot, cannot drink it. Willie, Willie, my boy, my beautiful, my beautiful darling. Wake up and look at me! I will not believe that you are mine no more—that the pure soul I loved has fled away from me. Oh, my boy, my boy!"

She had drawn the little form from my arms, and I let her take him, relieving her of the babe while she folded her dead to her bosom and wept over him. Women looked upon the bereaved mother and sobbed in sympathy; strong men bent pitying glances upon her and brushed the tears from their cheeks. Amid all the confusion and distress, a large circle had closed around this lonely being, so youthful, so lovely in person, and so fearfully tried.

"Who is she? Where does she come from?" asked a lady bending over me, and I answered her briefly.

"She came aboard at Charleston. Of her history I know nothing, save that some great sorrow has driven her helpless and alone upon the world. Poor thing! Her lot *is* a bitter one, and her boy was so lovely!"

"She is poor?"

"Yes, doubtless."

She went away, and in about fifteen minutes came back to me with a purse, which she had evidently made up among her friends.

"Will you take charge of it for her until she can act for herself? She seems in no condition to think of those things now, and has probably lost all she possessed with the wrecked steamer. I wish I could do more."

I took the purse, thanked her in the name of the poor woman who still wept over her child, though more softly, and then she stooped, left a

kiss upon the brow of the babe, whose great wondering eyes followed her form as she departed. I, too, looked after her wonderingly as she threaded the throng and walked away from the scene. I shall not soon forget the delicate features, pale and sweet face, nor the slight form robed in black, that had bent over the sorrowing group with all of woman's divine sympathy in her soft eyes. Such memories stir my heart now, with a tenderness that makes me hold the name of woman sacred.

It was some time before the confusion gave way to order. Near nightfall, we were taken up by another steamer and proceeded on our way to Cincinnati, bearing with us the dead who had been killed or drowned by the accident.

I took possession of Mrs. Devereaux and her little one, feeling that I must do something. Luckily for me, though my baggage had been lost, all the money I possessed I had concealed about my person, and this stood me in good stead when we reached our destination.

During the two or three days that followed at Cincinnati, I succeeded in purchasing a small lot, and assisted Mrs. Devereaux in the interment of her boy, around whose grave a goodly number gathered, drawn by sympathy and curiosity to the spot. It seemed little enough, when I had hoped to help her so much. I could never forget that I had promised to save her child—that she had trusted me, and I had failed!

When it was all over, I repaired to the hotel and prepared for my departure east, intending to journey to Philadelphia ere pausing again. Mrs. Devereaux came to me in the evening, and tried to thank me for the friendly interest I had shown her. Her young face was very pale and much worn. My heart ached to see the dark circles under the eyes, and the pallid lips, quivering in her anguish like those of a grieved child. As she stood before me, toying nervously with the folds of her black dress, I wanted to take the poor weary head to my bosom, and soothe her to rest and forgetfulness; but there was a something about her which repelled me. I felt that demonstrations like this would be unpleasant to her, so I let her say what she wished to say quietly, uttering no word until she had finished.

"I have come to thank you, and to say 'good-bye.' You have been more than kind to me. Whether I can ever repay it, God alone knows; but forget it I never shall. If it will be any compensation to you to know that you have saved me from utter distrust in humanity, take this to your heart when you think of me. I had resolved to trust no living creature henceforth, and to give none credit for a generous, disinterested kindness. You have utterly shattered my resolves. I can see *no* selfishness in what you have done for a lonely, poor and stricken woman like myself; so you bring me back to my faith in humility, and I own my error. Once I was trusting; my faith in the generous goodness of all God's creatures seemed mighty and everlasting as the hills. It was broken fearfully. To gather the shattered fragments and reunite them again, appeared impossible; but you have shown me that the world is not all selfish and false. May God bless you."

I reached forth and took her hands, holding them with a firm yet gentle clasp—those little trembling hands!

"What you have said to me is far better than gold or precious stones. To have saved you from unbelief is more than I should have dared to ask in return for the little I have done for you. I had feared you would not remember me without pain. None could do less, I think, seeing you as I have seen you, alone and in distress. And now, wherever you may go, into whatever scenes this changing life may bring you, let me ask that you will view humanity from the sunny side. It is true that the world is full of error and deceit, but there is still so much that is good and true in it, I cannot bear to have you (or any one) set your face sternly against it, and because you have been made to taste of bitter cups, learn to believe that there is no rich wine of life for thirsty lips. You will find sympathy and goodness and charity often when you least expect it; and I charge you, if you value earthly happiness and God's love, to keep your faith, though it be shaken an hundred times over. It was for this Christ died."

She looked up into my face with eager eyes, and lips tremulous.

"Thank you for your words! Ah! I was good and trusting as you are at one time. I had preserved some of it, through all, till my boy was taken. Then I faltered, and was near to utter disbelief in the goodness of God and man. Now I will try to be trusting still, though God has chosen that I shall pass through afflictions as through fire."

"He 'chasteneth whom He loveth, and scourgeth every son that He receiveth,'" I answered gently.

"And I am 'chastened,'" she answered with a droop of the head that was indeed meek and lowly. "I need the comfort of believing that He loves me, for I have no other."

"Still you have a friend in me. Here is my address, and if you need help through any circumstances, you will remember me. Call upon me freely."

"I will promise you. Such kindness deserves a candid return, and if I need a friend, I will call upon you. God bless you—good-bye!"

She faltered, looked into my face, and then threw her arms around my neck impulsively. For one moment my tears fell upon her bright hair, while her arms clung about me. But almost before I could realize it, she had pressed her lips to mine with an almost passionate kiss, and departed.

I sat listening to her as she glided along the hall, heard the closing of her door, then with many a query as to the past life of this strange girl-woman floating through my mind, prepared to rest for my journey.

Why was she alone in the world with her little ones? Why had she left home and friends to brave the hard, cold world? I know that she would not always find the fairest and sunniest spots in her wanderings. What could have thrown her upon her own resources, and developed the powers which I saw must work their way into independence 'ere her career had ended? I saw that her self-reliance was strong. She had not shown, amid all her evident inexperience, one ray of weakness in all her actions, and this in one so young puzzled me. So I lay for a long time wondering and thinking about her, countless "whys" floating through my brain that were not explained until years afterward. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ The women employed in the fancy shops of Paris, have addressed a request to their masters to be relieved of the necessity of serving in the shops on Sunday.

☞ It is said that the largest diamond in the world is in the possession of the Rajah of Malan, in the Island of Borneo. It is the size of a large hen's egg. The Governor of Batavia has offered him two large brigs-of-war, fully equipped and armed, and a sum of £150,000 for it, but the Rajah has said no.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BELLA Z. SPENCER, EDITOR.

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TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $16; Twenty, (and one *gratis*,) $35. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $4.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent on the receipt of fifteen cents, *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers, *which apply equally to* THE POST, *and to the* LADY'S FRIEND:—

We will give one of **WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines**—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies of the Post, or of the Lady's Friend, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $70.00
2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $85.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper or magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be composed of subscribers to both periodicals if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York *for* Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lindea is informed that it is not in our power to undertake the reading of MS. which is not intended for our paper. We have not the time to hunt publishers for the books of our friends, though it would always give us pleasure to oblige them. Criticism upon articles which we cannot use, also costs us more time than we can spare, therefore we must decline compliance with the requests daily sent us. If we were to do this, we could find time for nothing else.

To T. D—A. Place. We would willingly return your MS., but, as we have said before, it is impossible to do so—as all articles not available for use, are destroyed after reading. It is easy to keep copies of short articles, and much cheaper than to have them sent by mail, to say nothing of suspense in the delay. We destroy everything which is not held by special agreement. And such agreements are made only where a MS. is long, and the author sets high value upon it. By paying expenses, we do not, in such cases, object to returning it.

Respectfully declined: "Across The Sea." "The Name of Lincoln is Not Dead." "Bird of Paradise." "Ruth Everton." "Mary." "In Memoriam." "Our Baby." "The Thrush." "Grafton." "Idlevale." "*En Vertie*." "Coming Home." "In The Willow Dale." "Our Mother's Passed Away."

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Edmund Deacon, having parted with his interest in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, is no longer connected with it.

Bella Z. Spencer having purchased an interest in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, the paper will henceforth be published by Henry Peterson and Bella Z. Spencer, under the firm of Henry Peterson & Co.

Mrs. Spencer will attend mainly, as she has done for several months past, to the editorial department.

Edmund Deacon still preserves his interest in the LADY'S FRIEND, which will be published as heretofore by Edmund Deacon and Henry Peterson, under the firm of Deacon & Peterson.

Clubs embracing the LADY'S FRIEND and the SATURDAY EVENING POST, can be made up as heretofore, and the names and money be forwarded to either firm.

A NEW STORY
BY
EMERSON BENNETT.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that we have made an engagement with that well-known and very popular author, EMERSON BENNETT, to write, after the expiration of a short period, *exclusively for the Saturday Evening Post.*

Mr. Bennett designs commencing with the first paper of the new year, a story which will run through from about twelve to fifteen numbers of THE POST.

Such a large number of newspaper readers are acquainted with the merits of Mr. Bennett as a writer of fiction, that we need only make this simple announcement for the present. In a short time we shall probably give the name of the work with which Mr. Bennett designs leading off in his contributions to THE POST, and which will probably be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region, which was then generally called by the pioneers of civilization "the dark and bloody ground."

THE NEW FIRM.

It is the determination of the new firm who now own and control THE POST, to infuse fresh life and energy into its management.

As the reader will see by an accompanying notice, the popular author, Mr. EMERSON BENNETT, has already been engaged as an *exclusive contributor* to our columns.

Mr. W. C. BRYANT, who stands at the very head of our country's list of great poets, has kindly consented to contribute one or more articles to our columns during the coming year.

Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," &c., the distinguished English writer, is an old correspondent of THE POST. In fact she never has written for any other American paper.

Mrs. A. D. F. WHITNEY, author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," &c., also will contribute to THE POST.

And in addition to the above, we give the following list of regular contributors, many of them well known in the world of letters, and others NEW AND RISING STARS, of whom it has been the good fortune of THE POST to bring so many into public notice:—

FLORENCE PERCY, author of the celebrated poem "*Rock Me to Sleep*," which was written for and first published in THE POST.

STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD, author of "Eve Isle," &c.

BELLA Z. SPENCER, author of "Ora," &c.

Mrs. H. A. HEYDON, author of "Margaret's Story."

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY, author of "Gabriel Wilkie's Return."

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, author of "Battle Fields of Our Fathers."

"COSMO," author of "South American Civilization," &c.

Mrs. LILLIE DEVEREUX UMSTED.

AUGUST BELL, author of "Antagonisms," &c.

MARY J. ALLEN.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

S. ANNIE FROST.

Mrs. MARY A. DENISON.

CHARLES MORRIS.

BARBARA JOHNS.

PHILA. H. CASE.

Mrs. LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.

CLAUDE CLINTON, U. S. A.

IRENE BOYNTON.

Mrs. H. S. COREY.

LUCKEN ELLIOTT.

THE AUTHOR OF "A BLASTED LIFE."

In view of the above splendid list of contributors, we think we can promise our readers for the coming year a paper that shall be both unsurpassed and unsurpassable in interest. And we need only hint to our friends and the public that our books are always open to receive the names of new subscribers, of whom any reasonable number can be accommodated.

☞ Our exchanges will oblige us by calling the attention of their readers to the above announcement, and to the charge of firm.

THE NEW NATION.

This is a racy, well conducted paper of sixteen pages, published at 34 Liberty Street, N. Y., and offered to the public for the remarkably low figure of three dollars per annum. It contains a Military Department, Artistic, Scientific, German and Foreign. These departments are conducted with evident care. The "New Nation" proposes publishing a novel from the pen of George Sand entitled "Marquis de Villemer."

CONTENT WITH OUR LOT.

"That is pretty good; indeed, it is an excellent performance, considering that it comes from a woman."

When such sentences as the above issue from the lips of the lords of creation, the question seems forced on one:—Of what gender is intellect? To whom does it belong? Could not the same masculine mind answer the question most decidedly? We have not a doubt but he could. Oh, you little minded, narrow-souled giant. Why not go one step further and say, "It is really excellent, considering that only a human being—an immortal soul is the performer!" Your candor would, at least, have furnished an admirable theme for some one.

Now, in all intellectual power, or artistic skill, the law of progression is, that the greater work succeeds the inferior; that perfection is at the end, or consummation of our labor, and not at the beginning. So if one was at all disposed to argue the point, the equality of the sexes, or the superiority of one *over* the other, we should want no better foundation for our side of the question than that, in the work of creation eternal wisdom saw fit to produce woman as the finishing stroke of his creative power. But it does not suit us just now to enter into a tedious disquisition on the difference of mind, or its probable equality, or whether it is feminine or masculine; for ourselves we have settled all that long ago.

We have somewhere read of a man who in the manliness of his soul, thanked God that he was not created like other men. While his wife, with lowly-bowed head, repeats as earnestly, "I thank Thee, oh, Father, Creator of all things, that Thou hast created me according to Thy will." Now we should not have been surprised had this man thanked God that he was not created a woman. Nor the worshipper of Alla, who sits dreaming of the houris of a fabulous paradise, for with him woman is to all intents and purposes, a slave, and it is a part of his creed that she has no soul. But that any biped in a Christian land should underrate the crowning work of the Creator's hand, is a mystery only to be solved by the supposition, that he is a sort of myth, or rather a being who, according to Hindoo theology, is undergoing the process of transmigration for the sins of a former life. If it was merely ignorance in such men, one might hope to enlighten them; if it was prejudice, one might hope to overcome it; but it is a kind of mulish stupidity—a quality against which, as Schiller says, "even the gods are powerless."

Thank God all lordlings are not of this fashion. There are noble, generous men, having souls so large that the body is not quite able to contain them. They reach out their hands and say, "Let us walk together, for we are pilgrims bound for the same destination; let us journey together, helping and strengthening one another, for the way is rough, and the time is short.

"You who can only gather the beautiful flowers and weave them into nosegays to please the eye with harmony of arrangement and color, go and do it; and you who can reach up and pluck the mellow fruit from the bending boughs, do it; it is a pleasant task; and if any among you are strong enough to go forth and help us bind up the ripened sheaves, and gather in the golden grain for the intellectual storehouse of life, come and do it; there is plenty of room and work enough for all." These are men worth having; such men as women love to crown, and enshrine in the temple of their hearts.

FREE INSTRUCTION IN SCIENCE.

We publish the following for the benefit of our country readers, some of whom may be desirous of availing themselves of its advantages. Letters desiring further information should be addressed—*not to us*—but to Professor Wagner, Wagner Free Institute, corner of Seventeenth and Montgomery streets, Philadelphia.

THE WAGNER FREE INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE.—This college was inaugurated May 11th, 1865, and conveyed by the founder, Professor William Wagner, to trustees, by deed duly recorded. It consists of a large brick building, 105 feet by 68, containing eight recitation rooms, a lecture-room, seating twelve hundred persons, and a museum, replete with objects of natural history. The collegiate department of this Institute being now organized, will commence its teachings on the 18th of September next.

Professors of known ability have been engaged for instructing the classes about to be formed in the following sciences:—Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Geology, Mineralogy, Mining, Botany, Anatomy, Physiology, Elocution, Mathematics, Civil and Military Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, including Surveying, Navigation, &c. Students desiring all or a part of these subjects, are now invited to call at the college building, corner of Seventeenth and Montgomery streets, for matriculation, where particulars will be made known to those desiring the honors of the institution, from three to six P. M. It is intended to add Chemical Agriculture and Architecture to the curriculum at an early date. Large collections of specimens, instruments, and diagrams, for full illustration, (of which the college has a very abundant supply,) will be used in teaching all the subjects referred to, bringing the sciences to the mind through the eye as well as the ear.

On Monday evening, October 2, at half-past seven o'clock, the courses of popular lectures will be commenced on the sciences, in the following order:

Monday,	7½	o'cl'k,	Geology,	Prof. Wagner.
"	8½	"	Elocution,	Richardson.
Tuesday,	7½	"	Anatomy,	Leech.
Wed'day,	7½	"	Astronomy,	Rogerson.
"	8½	"	Nat. Philosophy,	Gauntt.
Thurs'y,	7½	"	Mineralogy,	Wagner.
"	8½	"	Elocution,	Richardson.
Friday,	7½	"	Physiology,	Leech.
Saturday,	7½	"	Astronomy,	Rogerson.
"	8½	"	Chemistry,	Gauntt.

These lectures are free to all males and females who desire to attend. The Thirteenth and Fifteenth street cars are the most convenient mode of approach to the college.

A QUERY.

Why is that our city postal arrangement are so incomplete? It seems a nice and convenient thing to be able to drop our letters into a "lamp post" box at almost any street corner. But when we are in a hurry for answers, and three or four days pass ere the missives reach our friends, it is not quite so pleasant. Probably this arises from the fact that they are difficult to reach, and may have to lie tucked away in some little corner for some time, ere they are discovered. But, at any rate, it would be well to look into the cause, as it is frequently a matter of great importance that city letters should reach their destination quickly. And it is always pleasanter. Can we have this made straight? There is need for care, and we hope the proper persons will look into it.

☞ The English Mechanics' Magazine says that a specification "has recently been filed at the Patent Office for improvements in boiling eggs. This was shortly afterwards followed by a patent for a machine for removing the tops from eggs previous to eating them.

The Chair From Heaven.

FROM THE GERMAN.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY A. FORESTIER.

On the 16th of September, the year 1804, a young girl sat knitting in the shade of a thicket in the vicinity of the hamlet St. Gourgon, near Rouen, in France. In front of her grazed a little flock of sheep, whose care was her charge. It was a glorious autumn day, no cloud in the sky, the sun as warm as summer, the hour about three in the afternoon.

Suddenly Suzanne Jacqueminot—for this was the name of the shepherdess—was aroused by a whizzing sound in the air, and as she started up in alarm, she heard a heavy fall in the thicket behind her, breaking apart the foliage, and scattering around leaves and branches. And erect upon the bent boughs, which, with an elastic, springing motion, seemed trying, despite the weight, to regain their natural posture, stood—a white chair. Horror-stricken, Suzanne fell upon her knees with a piercing cry for help. The husbandmen and shepherds of the country round ran to see what was the matter. All gazed petrified at the miracle; all reverentially bared the head, and sank down in prayer, for there could be no doubt that this visible chair, which, however, no one had yet dared to touch, had fallen direct from the sky, from the clear, unclouded sky in which, from horizon to horizon, nothing strange or unnatural was to be seen.

But what did the heavenly chair signify, and wherefore was it precisely Suzanne Jacqueminot who was favored with it? With timid reverence those present now gazed upon the chair, now upon the maiden, which latter they believed to be called to great things. Meanwhile a few of the beholders had hastened in to the hamlets to bear the news to the cure, and already the villagers poured out in streams. Whoever had feet to walk upon hastened to see the miracle. In advance of all, though, the reverend cure with his sacristan. Shaking his head, the not quite credulous divine listened to the account, but it was so straightforward and simple that there was no denying the assertion, "The chair has fallen from heaven!" With the exception of the cure and a few free-thinkers, the whole parish were upon their knees. Finally some one suggested that the chair should be freed from the branches in which it was entangled, but no one but the free-thinkers could be induced to follow the suggestion, and even they not without much consideration. But see, the chair does not burn them; it is a good, real wooden chair. Furthermore, the cabinet-maker, who carefully examined it, said:

"It is made of birchwood, and d—d bad work they make up there!" Upon which the pious people crossed themselves in horror.

And now the chair was carried in procession to the village, and placed temporarily in the church. The whole day long the place was crowded with the devout, for the news of the miracle had spread like wildfire, and crowds hastened in from all the hamlets round to see it with their own eyes. The cure, not altogether knowing what part he had best play, let alone what he could neither hinder nor explain away. But the person on whom the occurrence produced the most effect was Suzanne. Presents were showered down upon her. A wealthy widow adopted the God-favored maiden, on whom even upon earth had been bestowed a heavenly seat, and offers of marriage rapidly followed upon one another. "He will be lucky who gets her," was the mental ejaculation of all the young fellows in the district.

A week passed by, and the excitement about the miracle, instead of dying away, increased in compound ratio, notwithstanding the derision of the free-thinkers, who, however, could find no explanation whatever of the mystery.

But see—one day the heavenly chair disappeared, no one knew how or whence. It was gone, though, and remained away. It was not until years afterward, when the matter had been long forgotten, that the particulars were made known. They were as follows:

The evening before the disappearance of the heavenly chair, the cure was reading the daily paper, and to his unspeakable relief came upon these words:

"On the 16th of September, about 9.40 A. M., the great naturalist, M. Gay Lussac, started upon his second balloon voyage. He succeeded in attaining a height of 7016 metres above the surface of the sea, farther than man has ever before been. At the height of 7,000 metres, determined, if possible, to enter upon a higher stratum of air, he threw over all his ballast, even to his instruments of observation. Last of all, he cast overboard the wooden chair which had served him for a seat. In spite of all his endeavors, however, the balloon would only rise a few metres, and he reached ground between Rouen and Dieppe, about 3.45 P. M."

When the worthy parson had read this, he erected a pile of wood, and then, under cover of the night, betook himself to the church, which was just adjoining his dwelling. Shortly afterward a bright fire might have been seen burning in the hearth of the parsonage sitting-room. He knew whom he had to deal with, though, and it was not till long afterwards that he cautiously stated the case. The peasants of course said: "Yes, yes, Monsieur le Cure!" but did not believe a word of it, only clinging faster than ever to the miracle. And the shepherdess, Suzanne Jacqueminot, although married, and the mother of half a dozen unkempt scapegraces, they still continued to call—yes, even to her dying day—"The Maid of the Chair."

☞ A cast has been taken of Dr. Pritchard's head, and it is stated by the phrenologists that the animal part of the brain was fully four-fifths of the whole. A gentleman eminent in the art of reading bumps is said to have remarked that he had only known one head of a sane person to equal it in its unfavorable development.

☞ To avoid the exposure and identity of person, the ladies of Newport have introduced the fashion of wearing masks in the water. These are made of thin, white cotton cloth, fitting tightly to the face, with places cut for the mouth and eyes. The disguise is perfect.

☞ A gentleman in Augusta, who followed a newspaper remedy for the curculio, saturating a piece of carpeting with kerosene, and binding it about the bodies of his plum trees, found it very effectual—for killing the trees!

☞ The *curmordus* is the name given to a new disease in New York,—supposed to be caused by the fearful over-crowding of the street cars during the hot season.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.

The Coypou—A Queer Pronunciamento—Pampa Roots—Horrible Reptiles—Zoophites—A Night Attack.

The reading of a brief article recently published in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, descriptive of the something singular South American fur-producing animal, *Coypou*, reminds me just now that we found everywhere in all the streams throughout not only the Devil's region of the La Platan provinces, but in wide territories both to the southward and westward of it, the river otter, or Spanish *Coypou*, in immense numbers, and had many opportunities of making ourselves familiar with the animal's habits.

My object in referring to the published account of the "*Nutria*," is not to object to or dissent from any of the statements therein made, but to present to the reader a sample of philanthropy and fine financiering, suggested by the existence of the animal, as unique as anything in that line that ever occurred in this world, the case having been brought to my mind by the perusal of the article referred to.

In 1849, I think it was, soon after the termination of Rosas's last tussle with any foreign power, finding myself in a close corner one day, with an army of ragamuffins clamorous for their discharge, and three years or more of back pay, issued a most magnificent *pronunciamento*, that ought to have made him famous as a financial strategist, and doubtless would have done so had any one outside of *el Confederacion Argentina* ever heard of it.

I carried the pamphlet a year or so, and often read and admired that portion of it in which the herdiero despot proposed to liquidate the public obligations to the soldiers by a method so ingenious, that I do not believe any other man on earth, other than Don Manuel Rosas, would ever have thought of it.

After passing the ragged reprobates in a review of most glowing eloquence, the Dictator closes that portion of his *pronunciamento* thus:

"But these brave men whose deeds of heroism have astonished the civilized world, whose gallant achievements find no parallel in the records of military events in any country—these more than Spartans, are looking to us for a speedy adjustment of their claims, due for long and faithful services. These claims, in the present financial difficulty of the country, it is impossible to meet in the ordinary way.

"But we have a remedy, which I place at the disposal of our brave soldiers—a ready means of present payment, as well as future employment and wealth to our veteran braves.

"Soldiers—In all the southern rivers of the Confederacy there are innumerable thousands of *Coypou*, whose furred skins are valuable. They are readily taken, and you can very soon become experts in the trapping of them. Go and take them, my heroes, and pay yourselves all your demands against the government. I hereby grant you full and free permission to trap the Coypou for four years from the date hereof."

I was in Buenos Ayres frequently during the four years next following the promulgation of that unique proclamation, but I never heard of a Buenos Ayrean soldier's having paid himself by trapping *Coypou*.

In all the plain, or pampa country of Buenos Ayres, lying south of the Rio Salado, the Devil's territory included, there are more edible roots growing wild than I have ever seen anywhere else. Almost every plant of the annual varieties, and a good many hard-wooded perennial shrubs, we found produced tuberous roots, that, roasted or boiled, were in almost every instance edible, and in several most excellent eating. There were three in particular, to which our M. D., who was a botanical *savant*, gave distinctive orders and classes, and unpronounceable Latin names, quite too long for me to remember more than forty minutes, or to write down if I could have remembered.

I recollect the quality and appearance of the bulbs, however, very distinctly.

One of them, about the size of a Guinea-fowl's egg, or would have been if the root had been round, was clad in a shell much like that of the almond, and when boiled had a flavor about half-way, I should think, between a rich, ripe strawberry and a very good peach. This root, or more properly, I believe, a nut, is long, triangular in shape, and attached to the small fibrous roots of a broad-leafed triennial plant, something in appearance like the common hollyhock. The *guachas* call both plant and root *Chi-luque*. Whether the Spaniards or botanists anywhere have any name for it, is more than I know.

Another root, growing very round, and often three inches in diameter, with a hard, wiry stem above ground, scarcely larger than a stout rye straw, and four feet or more in height, with a beautiful red plume on the top at maturity, we used to cut up in slices, and either fry or stew with our guannaco steaks and haunches. Its flavor was half onion, half sweet apple, as nearly as I can compare it to anything in our country. This root is the *sahcellia* of the Jesuits, and *apiomo* of the guachas.

The third root in our catalogue of pampa vegetable delicacies was the *Chuila*, a modification of the yam, and very good either fried, stewed, boiled, or roasted.

A variety of the Cassava grew everywhere in profusion, but it has a sourish, slightly acrid taste when raw, and is in no wise improved by cooking. The natives, however, prefer it to all the other roots, and consume great quantities of it both raw and roasted.

There are fewer serpents, reptiles, and insects in this "Devil's Land" than in any portion of South America we have yet traversed, but the few that do infest these regions are the terror of both man and beast. One of the reptiles—a thing more horrible than any other that the tropics, or the wide world elsewhere, can possibly produce—the guachas call *Vasilla*. We christened the infernal thing the Devil's Squid, the *squid* being our veteran voyager's suggestion, engotten of the creature's resemblance to that marine nondescript. The adjective prefix was ours unanimously, and I think most appropriate.

The *thing*—I scarcely know what else to call it—is in substance little more than a jelly; as destitute of bone as a snail; is of all lengths, from one to seven inches, round as a turned rod, except along the belly, where it is flattened like a snail. Beginning at the head, the full-grown *thing* is an inch and a quarter in diameter, the snout pointed, and provided with two long, black antennæ, which it whisks about with great vigor. It has great staring black eyes, sticking rather on the outside than sunk within the head.

The diminish from head to tail is regular, the latter being no larger than a large darning-needle, terminating in a small curved horn or claw, almost exactly like the sting of the scorpion. Along either side of the thing, extending its entire length, is a double flap, an inch wide at the head when extended, and diminishing to nothing at the tail.

This sack, the reptile has the faculty of inflating at will, and then expelling the air suddenly with a sharp *pluff*, away he goes—*vip*—perhaps fifty yards, going *spat* against whatever may chance to be in his line of flight, with a *squit*, as if one should dash a handful of soft lard against some hard surface.

But the horrible part of the *thing* is, that wherever he strikes, there he sticks, until beaten or brushed off adhering by the flat surface and exuding at the instant of contact a vicious sticky slime, that requires soap, sand, and water, and vigorous scrubbing, to get rid of. But the worst is not yet. Wherever the hideous *Vasilla* touches the bare skin, though the first moment's sensation is as if an icicle had been applied to the part, in a brief time begins a smarting itching, burning, tingling of the part, continuing some times for half an hour or more; subsiding at length, leaving a dead numbness and a surface as red and tender as though a mustard plaster had been applied to the part.

Comfortable night neighbors—these "Devil's Squids" are about an out-door bivouac. It is lucky they are nowhere very numerous.

If my memory is not at fault, the next greatest natural curiosity that we became acquainted with in the *Pays del Diavo*, were some very singular vegetable wonders, that we found growing in great profusion along the margin of one of the few streams that discharges itself into the ocean. The colony of zoophit plants—the only ones that we saw in the country, were growing within an area of three miles on both sides of the stream within the line of barren territory that skirts the whole coast.

The plants were of several varieties, though all of the same family; growing on an average four feet high, the stocks resembling those of the kale plant, and the general structure very like a great stock of sea kale run to seed, only some of the plants were green, some dark-purple, and others almost white. The lower leaves were very thick, and quite as large as the ground leaf of the Kentucky tobacco—in shape very much like them. The flowers were numerous, white on the purple plants, yellow on the green, and a pale, ashy blue on the white ones; in length, the flowers were about three inches, trumpet-shaped, and an inch in diameter. There were a great abundance of fruit, of the size and nearly the shape of the man-drake.

The flowers of all these plants were so nervously sensitive, that insert the finger into one of them as carefully as we could, they would instantly close upon it, while in a great many instances they would collapse suddenly before the fingers was within six inches of them. The fruit on being plucked would shrivel and actually shrink up in our grasp, and being cut in twain, would actually quiver and palpitate as if possessed of life and feeling. The captain was anxious to swear two or three times that several of the fruit squeaked like a young mouse when he cut into them, but of course we credited that *squeak* to the captain's natural nautical superstition.

The doctor pronounced the things a colony of zoophites, and as we were no better informed, perhaps they were. They were very singular plants at least.

Beasts of prey other than the *Lobo*, a variety of the black wolf, are rare throughout the whole extent of *el Pays del Diavo*, but these prowling rascals are plentiful enough, and most impertinent audacious varlets too. We had seen the vagabonds occasionally, from the first day after we had crossed the Salado—but it was not until after we had been some three weeks in the country that we became intimately acquainted with *el Lobo Negro*.

We had had three or four night skirmishes with the guachas, always beating them off with no harm to ourselves, and inevitably laying out straight a half dozen or so of the barbarians. The wolves, however, had never molested us, and we were beginning to look upon them with sovereign contempt, when we learned very suddenly one night, to respect the thieves.

We were cooking our suppers after a rather late foray, when the dogs suddenly gave warning of the approach of wild animals, and instantly every soul of our party laid hold of rifle and revolver, and prepared for battle. But in spite of blazing fire, barking dogs, and ringing rifle shots, more than fifty of the black devils charged in upon us all at once and from all sides. Indeed, so regardless were they of the fire, that one great gaunt thief actually made a dash at a pan of guannaco steaks close to the burning brands. He paid dearly for his temerity, however, for in a second, the doctor seized him by the hind legs, and slat him into the very centre of the flames, which singed every hair off his hide in the wink of an eye-lid.

Another audacious whelp fastened upon Dona Minnie's dress; but she soon quieted him with a bullet right down his throat.

After getting our revolvers fairly at work we were not long in clearing our camp of the black rascals, and we were not troubled with them again very soon.

☞ A Brigadier General, in full uniform, was stopped in the street in Cincinnati, on Saturday, by an old lady, who wanted to know why he had not had the dirt removed from the street in front of her house. She mistook him for a policeman.

☞ At Gen. Grant's reception at Galena, one of the arches under which the procession had to pass bore the words, "General, that sidewalk is built."

☞ A man has just taken out a patent for luminous hats. They would, he says, preserve the wearers from being run over by cabs at night; and would, to some extent, enable a saving in the lighting of streets with gas to be effected.—*London Paper.*

☞ Among the sayings attributed to Admiral Farragut is one that "You can no more make a sailor out of a landlubber by dressing him up in a sea-toggery and putting a commission in his pocket, than you could make a shoemaker of him by filling him with *sherry cobbler!*"

☞ A Prussian soldier was taken ill nine months ago, and found shelter and nursing in an Austrian hospital. The expense of caring for him was about seven dollars, and in relation to the settlement of the account the two governments have had a voluminous correspondence only just completed.

A Coup D'Etat.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FRANCES HENRIETTE SHEFFIELD.

Mr. Albert Eyebright was a fine young man, handsome and good-natured. Rather vain perhaps, but the ladies were as much to blame in that matter as he. If they took infinite pains to impress upon his mind the extent and irresistibleness of his attractions, how could he be so ungallant as to hint the dear, devoted creatures were in the wrong?

It is characteristic of poor human nature, that not content with the talents it really possesses, it aspires to the possession of those to which its claims are more doubtful.

Mr. Eyebright's friends conceded his beauty, but he also considered himself shrewd and independent. Whether these last virtues were his the reader shall judge.

"The days we went a gipsying,
A long time ago—"

sings the poet.

Charming period no doubt; so thought the young people of the village of Rushmoor, and determined upon a brief return to that blissful epoch.

Accordingly one bright summer's day saw a gay company of ladies and gentlemen bound to a dim old wood, in whose green recesses they might play for a while, children of Nature.

I believe the most delicate, dainty, and fastidious of mortals are ever the readiest to throw off for a time the too highly gilded chains of social life, and revel in new scenes and modes of existence, with a zest born of their nobility.

Chatting gayly as the squirrels that their footsteps disturbed in their freehold trees, the blithe pleasure seekers passed on to their pro tem gipsy camping ground, a lovely spot, around which stately oaks, regal with the honors of centuries, cast leafy arms of protection, and waved with their wealth of verdure and coolness of shade the merry idlers to their soft, embracing shadows.

This party was to be no mere pic-nic, but a sort of mock affair; a huge kettle was slung between two poles, gipsy wise, and the gents were despatched in search of game, which the snowy fingers of the ladies were to convert into savory dishes.

So in the merry days of the Regent of France, beautiful countesses, with some arch and saucy little marquise, in her high heeled shoes and cushion; graceful chevaliers and noble dukes, used to sit down to gay suppers their own patrician hands had prepared.

But what have we to do with regents, countesses, and dukes? Let us return to our American boys and girls.

Mr. Albert Eyebright, of course that fine and debonnaire young man was present, and shunning his ruder brethren, was solicitous to lend his services to the ladies in their department. Mr. Eyebright had once kept bachelor's hall a whole year "out west," and there acquired such culinary skill as does not usually fall to the lot of masculines. He considered that his manner of dressing a plover, or a pirouted grouse, could not be improved upon by the great Soyer himself.

As to tea and coffee, he couldn't be beaten in the preparation of those beverages. In consideration of the number of old ladies present, he thought a cup of the former would be preferable, and he would make it of the best old Hyson, to suit their ancient palates.

At the close of this audacious speech such a volley of angry glances were fired at our impudent young hero from the eyes of indignant belles, that he lost his presence of mind, his foot slipped, or did the lady he was passing make a sudden movement? and the whole boiling contents of a kettle he was carrying were poured upon the fair hands of Miss Adela Clear.

A loud exclamation of dismay was heard, not from the lips of the lady however; she was perfectly serene and self-possessed, but Mr. Eyebright was horrified at his work.

"Oh! what have I done? what shall I do for you?"

"You may get some laudanum and flour to wrap up my fingers, that will prevent their scarifying."

Mr. Eyebright laughed sarcastically. "There speaks the woman of it. You can bear the pain with heroic firmness, but the idea of disfigurement, it is too much.

"Of course," said Miss Clear coolly, "my philosophy would not be equal to that."

Miss Clear had beautiful hands, not only white and soft—many hands are that—but they seemed full of character. There was more soul in them than there is in most people's faces. There was something almost magical in their fascination; they reminded one of the stories told of the witcheries of Marie Stuart's hands.

Apart from these charms Miss Clear was far inferior to Miss Flora Prieling, a rival belle, and a young lady who took a prominent part in the gipsy frolic as in most other affairs. Her light was never hidden under a bushel.

Miss Prieling was what is called striking looking, tall, with a fine figure, and crimson cheeks, shaded by long jetty curls, in and out of which she had woven with much artistic taste a wreath of scarlet flowers.

Miss Prieling had during the day monopolized more than her due share of Mr. Eyebright's attentions. She had looked her most dangerous, and he had hung over her in the most devoted manner, and had been highly impressive and spooneyish.

The scalding affair, however, turned the tide of love. After that dreadful accident our hero could only make amends to the lady he had injured by performing for her those offices her disabled hands prevented her from doing for herself.

There was something very subduing in those soft swathed fingers, lying so helplessly in her lap. To use a paradoxical expression weakness is very potent. Mr. Eyebright carved for and fed his charge with most assiduous care. When the party broke up of course he must see her home. Tenderly he adjusted the light shawl around the graceful shoulders, and supporting her slight figure upon his arm, they moved on with their companions.

Ah! these moonlight walks, what dangerous things they are. Take so many parts moonlight, so much romance and youth, and you have the most powerful mixture ever compounded.

But Mr. Eyebright, for all his seeming gentleness was certainly very cruel, for not content with scalding Miss Clear, he pressed a burning kiss upon her fair cheek as he relinquished her at her father's door.

"My dear," said Mr. Eyebright one day, when he had been married a year or so, and thought it safe to mention, that his heart had occasionally palpitated at the sight of other maidens before surrendering unconditionally to one, "do you know I was half in love with Flora Prieling once?"

"Yes I know it," quietly rejoined Mrs. Albert Eyebright, *nee* Clear.

"You did? Well I was. You remember when we went a gipsying? 'Pon my word I was regularly sweet on Flora then. She looked so charming, and played her cards so cleverly, I don't know what a fellow might have been left to say; but you know I scalded you, like the awkward wretch I was, and you bore the pain with such angelic fortitude, that—"

Mr. Eyebright stopped, for a singular smile was playing around his wife's lips, it let some light in upon his brain.

"You don't mean to say that you had a hand in that scalding affair?"

"Two of them, I believe," said Mrs. Albert with delicious *naivete*.

Her lord laughed.

"So in fact that accident I bewailed so tragically was a shrewd stratagem, a *coup d' etat* of of yours?"

The battle was fought and won now, and it was safe to unfold the plan of the campaign.

"You see," said the lady with charming *nonchalance*. "Flora Prieling was very handsome, but I knew that I— Oh! well, what is the use of sham humility? had the most tact."

Mr. Eyebright looked at his wife with admiration, not unmixed with annoyance.

"And I thought I was going my own way all the time, consulting my taste." Wounded self-esteem was very rueful and disheartened.

"Never mind my dear," was the soothing answer. "You know that you and I are one, and if you did not have your way I did mine, so it's all in the family. Have some more buttered toast, Albert?"

Gadall Gleanings.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ERAW.

Jake Cole Comes "Hum from the Wars."

Bless my stars, Jake Cole, is that air you? I jest tell'd Sook 't I believed ter my soul 't I seed you or yer shader a comin' in at the gate. So you've got hum from the wars, a lookin' as black 'n 's frowsy 's a tew-thirds mulatter!

Didn't you git shot nor nothin'? Didn't, hey? Wall, it does beat all my fust wives relations how some folks does stan it through everything, an' agin others gits killed jest by nothin' as you may say. Now there was my Bennydad, he was as tough, an' as stout, an' as hearty as a hoss; he looked as though he'd go through fire 'n water 'n never catch 'is death—what does he up 'n dew out tew war but go 'n git kicked in the back side of 'is head by a miser'ble, contemterble dead-an'-alived old mule 't worn out in the service an' had ben turned out lowse ter pick up 'is living or die, jest which he'd a minter. That old mule was allers a pokin' round in the way, an' poor Bennydad he jest thought he'd stun the old feller out o' the camp, an' so he up with a old board an' let fly at the critter, an' lo! and behold! what does the ill-natered, cross old thing dew but he must hyst up 'is hind heels an' give a kerlumpus in the back side of his head 't laid 'im flat 's a flounder! He never skurcely stirred nor winked after it, so Mike Kiggins said when he told me about it, he 't yuster live in the little one story wood-colored house down by the gate where the road turns off from the Lottery to go to Watch Hill—you remember Mike Kiggins, I guess, don't ye, Jake? He yuster allers wear a red flannin shirt an' smoke a short-stem pipe, an' go with 'is shirt sleeves rolled up an' 'is pantaloons legs, an' no cut on, an' a leetle brown seal-skin cap with the fur worn off, winter an' summer, rain or shine, Sundays or week days, you wouldn't never see 'im with nothin' else on but the same old rig, the hull year round—not afore he went ter war—an' I *dew* expect, ef the truth was knowed, he slep in them same old close, an' used his seal-skin cap fur a night-cap. I hain't no mortal doubt on't. Lor, yis, I knowed you'd remember Mike Kiggins—anybody would 't ever seed 'im once.

Wall, he was tew war; lor! tew be sure he was; he belonged ter the same company 't poor Bennydad did. My Bennydad never yuster to associate with 'im of course, you know, but then they was in the same company, and all, and Mike he come an' telled me all about the dretful dishaster that happened ter Bennydad when he got hum.

Mike said he was a makin' some coffee an' billin' some beef clost by—Mike, he cooked for the mess when this happened to Bennydad—you remember, Sook, 't Mike said when he was tellin me about it how that he was a billin the coffee, an' the beef was most done, an' was jest a goin' ter take it out o' the pot an' pour out the coffee tar serve out ter the men, when he heerd a rumpus behind 'im an' he looked around jest in time to see the orful old critter plant his heels agin yer poor par's head. He laid 'im right out sprawlin on the ground, Mike he seen that an' he never waited ter see no more. He dropped the coffee kittle jest ef it had been a red hot coal—an' he said most the hull o' the coffee got spilt out, an' 't was fust rate, good coffee tew—an' he run tew poor Bennydad an' stuped over an' kinder lifted 'im up. He said Bennydad jest gin one kinder half groan an' half sigh, an' that was the larst of 'im. Of course the sojers all come round, an' some on 'em took up my poor old man—Mike 'd laid 'im down agin' when he see it was all over with 'im—an' they took 'im right tew the horspital, an' the doctors they tried ter fetch back life intew 'im, but 't warn't o' no use. He was clean gone, poor thing, an' all for that contestible old jag of a mule!

So you see 't it don't take nothin' at all skurcely to kill some folks even of they 'pear ter be ever so rugged, while agin, others that's pindlin an' as poor as a pertater sprout in a dark suller, will seem to live and thrive on accidense, an' wars, an' battles, an' eperdemics, an' "all the various pills that flesh is heir tew." Now, Jake, you've ben threw, how many is it? six battles?

"Six battles an' several skirmishes?" I dew declare! Yes, you've ben through all them, an' had camp fever awful, an' the rheumatiz some besides, an' haint never had a scratch nor a gunshot, nor a wound happen tew ye! I dew say for 't you've been most wonderful lucky. How did you feel, an' what did you dew when the bums an' the bullets was a flyin' round ye like hail stuns? "Fire an' lay flat?" Wall, I never! What's that? "You crawled up by the side of a sojer once fur company an' found it was a dead man?" Oh, my goodness! that was awful. Dew tell what battle was that in? "The battle of Fire Oaks?" Was, hey? Was it a dretful battle? Did you see lots o' men all blowed ter pieces, an' blood a runnin,' an' pieces o' dead folks scattered all about? I sh'd a thought you'd a went crazy. *I* should ef I was ter see sich things.

An' dew tell me now of the army nusses travel with the sojers, so's ter be ready an' on hand when ther's a battle fit? An' dew they go right in where the powder is a poppin' an' the bums an' thinge a flyin' an' nuss the poor wounded sojers right on the battle-field? Dear sus, I don't see how they can dew it. I can stan' a goodeel of what I'm yuster, but I couldn't never git yuster to that. No, I never could be an army nuss, no ways you could fix it, nyther in horspital nor on a battle-field, that I couldn't. Now I *did* yuster seriusly think o' goin' myself tew be a army nuss after my Bennydad, poor, dear old critter, went off ter war. I *was* a goodeel exercised in my mind about it one spell; I thort whether no 't warnt my dooty, seein' as my tew children was growed up, and sort o' out o' the way. Then agin I yuster think of I should be a army nuss an' should be out there when there was a big battle, an' my Bennydad should be amongst the sojers, an' I should happen tew be a 'pinted nuss fur that division 't he was in, an' he shouldn't know 't I was there, an' the battle sh'd grow wuss 'n wuss, an' a good many sh'd be wounded, an' amongst 'em my Bennydad, an' I sh'd happen ter come aloug with a lot o' bandages an' things from the Insanity Commission, an' Bennydad sh'd be a callin' out fur water—water—an' I sh'd jest stupe down an' lift up 'is poor head an' piller it on my faithful bosom, an' put some brandy an' water, or some hot coffee tew 'is parched lips, an' dew up his wounds, an' help carry him tew a place o' safety where I'd watch an' 'tend upon 'im an' nuss 'im till he got well agin, ur died a glorious martyr fur 'is bleedin' country, I mean a bleedin' martyr fur his glorious country—I yuster think how kinder romantic that would be! Jest like the stories 't I read sometimes in books an' papers. But, lor! Sook, there, she discouraged me so about goin' 't I couldn't never git started. Don't ye think she made all manner o' fun on me fur wantin' ter go. But I 'spose it must a been fur the best 't I didn't go, seein' Bennydad died jest as he did. But his death was a awful blow ter me! I shan't never recover from it, ur be the same person agin 't I was before. An' then to think *how* he was killed! It fairly makes my dander rise. Ef it 'd ben in battle why he'd a died a martyr, he'd a ben enshrined in the gratuitous memory of millions yet onborn as one o' the brave an' gallant protectors o' this glorious gov'ment; but to think 't he sh'd git his death by the kick of a old cast off mule! I wanter skin the old anermal alived every time I think on't. D' you blame me, Jake?

☞ A large delegation of citizens of Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Virginia, waited on the President to assure him that his reconstruction policy is approved by the people of those states.

☞ ANATOMICAL DISCOVERY.—For a long time it has baffled the medical authorities to account for the force with which the waves beat against the shore, and it has recently come to light that it arises from the fact of there being "muscles" in the sea.

☞ When Voltaire was ordered by the Senator of Geneva to quit the dominions of the little republic in twenty-four hours, the incorrigible scoffer at all things venerable and sacred replied: "Magnificent sire, it requires only three minutes."

☞ The bids for the Government rolling-mills at Chattanooga were opened by the Quartermaster General on Wednesday. There were but two bids, and at such figures as to suggest collusion. The matter has been referred to the Secretary of War for decision. This mill is the only one in the South in successful operation, with an immense amount of work in prospect from the southern railroads.

☞ Miss Ann Farrell, a young lady of Columbus, Bartholomew county, Indiana, was riding in a buggy with a gentleman on Saturday last, when the horse ran away. The young lady tried to jump out, but her hoops caught on the buggy, and she was dragged about half a mile. The horse then ran into a mill-race, and the young lady was drowned.

☞ At the election in Mississippi, October 2d, twenty-three persons, to fill as many offices, are required to be voted for on one ticket; and as there are no regular nominations by which party tickets may be made up, as also the number of candidates for each office varies from two to six, it is a difficult problem how to combine and arrange the ballots, or how the printer shall be paid for printing them.

☞ The estimated cost of the monument to Mr. Lincoln, to be erected in Springfield, Illinois, is two hundred thousand dollars, and the sum thus far contributed toward it is fifty thousand dollars. Of this amount the city of Chicago has furnished a total of precisely two hundred and eighty-nine dollars and fifty-seven cents.

☞ The Chattanooga Gazette says General Steedman, who has organized a court-martial for the trial of the young bloods who murdered Captain Heasly, at Augusta, Georgia, has received letters warning him that if the murderers are punished, he shall never leave Georgia alive.

☞ The number of oil derricks between Henry's Bend and Phillip's Ferry, on the Allegheny river, a distance of twelve miles, is three hundred and ninety-three.

☞ Hero, the Russian bloodhound from Castle Thunder, and Jack, the bloodhound kept at Andersonville by Captain Wirze, are now on exhibition at Boston.

☞ Why talk about sleeping a wink when people in their sleep never wink?

☞ Never apologize for what you set before your friends. If it is bad taste for a host to praise the dinner on his table, it is still more inconsistent and ridiculous for him to make excuses for it. It is taken for granted, as a matter of course, that you give the very best at your command and within your means.

☞ A man before the Portland Municipal Court a day or two since paid his fine with a counterfeit five dollar note. This is pronounced the most impudent operation of the season.

AN ENLIGHTENED AMERICAN.—Upon the reading of the Declaration of Independence at Ypsilanti, Michigan, by a citizen of that place, a gentleman from the rural districts made this comment: "Oh, he read it well enough—but darned if I believe he wrote it."

WERE I A STAR.

Were I a bright and glittering star,
Set in the firmament above,
I'd pierce the densest clouds there are,
And watching o'er thee from afar,
I'd prove thy beacon-light of love.
A Star of Hope so dazzling bright
To lead thee through life's troublous sea;
Onward I'd point thee to thy flight,
Upwards I'd lure thee by my light—
I'd prove a guiding-star to thee.

Were I a bird, on fluttering wing,
For thee I'd tune my matin lay;
For thee my sweetest notes I'd sing;
For thee I'd make the echoes ring
Through all the gladsome summer day;
And in the dewy eventide,
When other birds had sought their nest,
Still nearer thee would I abide,
And warbling softly by thy side,
I'd gently lull thee to thy rest.

Were I you lovely fragile flower,
So delicate and fair to see,
Contented in my woody bower,
I'd linger out my little hour,
So thou didst cast one glance on me;
Or gathered from my lowly bed,
For thee I'd put fresh beauty on,
For thee I'd raise my drooping head,
For thee my richest fragrance shed,
Then fade and die when thou wert gone.

But golden stars, however bright,
Will pale and vanish in the day;
The skylark's song will cease at night;
And lilies wither in the light,
Whilst I would ever near thee stay.
So truer than the flickering star,
More lasting than the frigile flower,
More constant than the warblers are,
I'd ever watch thee, near or far,
And love and serve thee hour by hour.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BARBARA JOHNS.

"A letter for you, sister," said Kate Marshall, shaking her long curls on which the sunlight fell in rippling waves of gold.

"And so Lydia Wells is married. It's charming of her to write in such a gleeful vein. Hear her!"

"I need not tell you that the bridal hour was cloudless, and if the slightest wave of sadness touched the surface of my joy, it was not to make it less; and if I trembled, as Allen said I did, it was not from doubt or fear of ought but myself. Oh, Fannie, I felt that I was entering the inner sanctuary of a new and unexplored temple, the priestess of that holy shrine. Awe fell upon me as I looked down the long, dim aisles, and then at the beautiful paintings on the wall; the arches carved and decorated, inscriptions fraught with deeper meaning than I had ever known before. An indescribable feeling swept over me. The music ceased. We stood before the altar. The words were said. The responses given. A full, deep joy succeeded. The deity of the place was there. I was content."

"Bless her dear little heart; just as simple and child-like as ever."

"And so I suppose Allen said. A noble couple, well fitted for each other."

"But, dear me, sister, you seem so gloomy about it. Isn't it beautiful to write of a temple with aisles, arches and grand old paintings? And the music! I fancy I can hear it now. Oh, if ever I'm married I mean to have it in church. Won't it be splendid?"

"The church, or the music, or marriage?"

"Oh, sister Fannie, how literal you are. I like flavor in my words as well as in my dishes."

"And music in both. I'd prefer the Germania at any time."

"To the altar?"

"That would depend upon who is to be the presiding deity."

"I thought as much," said the warm-hearted Kate, throwing her arms about the neck of the elder, leaving and taking a kiss from the somewhat too pale lips.

"You are a dear, darling sister, and now while the inspiration is on me let me make you feel that you are in the temple of music, if not of love." And Kate seated herself at the piano and run her fingers over the keys, while melody in glad, bright waves rolled on the fragrant air, lapping the soul in a delirium of gladness.

In the meantime Fannie folded her letter, and placing it in the drawer, took up her work-box and commenced stitching a wristband for Paul, while her thoughts unconsciously went out and along the golden web Lydia Brooks was weaving, only to contrast it with her own dull life. The limitless gray sand, the shadeless beach in contrast with the deep groves and gay parterres.

"Then, Fannie," cried Kate, rising from the instrument, "I see you don't appreciate my humble efforts to amuse you, so I'll cease instanter, and let you see how dark this world would be without me."

"Beg your pardon, I was listening."

"Ten to one you can't say whether it was the Star Spangled Banner or Bridge of Sighs. Heigho! I know something," said this little fairy, and away she tripped, trilling a roundelay, bright and sparkling as fairy bells.

"Ah," thought Fannie, "she, in her glowing beauty knows not my struggle. Attractive in all that can win love, she knows not how cold and chill the track, how uncared-for the wayside flower," and she mused again thoughtfully, steadily upon the difference of condition among the people of this world; how to some are given wealth, intellect, beauty; to others poverty and toil, to say nothing of the inconvenience of being obliged to wear a homely face, and in truth Fannie Marshall was not handsome. But there was a soul light shining in her face, and when fully awake it seemed fit companion for those who look out from fleecy clouds with starry eyes.

There was a slightly troubled feeling upon her brow as she sat deeply thinking; the wristband had slipped from her fingers, yet there was no frown there; and could one have looked into her heart then they would have read this prayer: "Oh, Father, make me strong in spirit, give me faith and trust to do and dare. Bless them! my father, mother brothers! Let me be to them a guide, a comfort. May my step not falter."

A quick, firm tread in the hall, and Kate's voice as she tripped down stairs with her evening welcome dispelled the reverie.

"Here, Paul, let me have your coat. Oh, see the snow on it; what lovely flakes!" said Kate as she shook it, and then hung it on the rack. "I am so glad. We'll have a sleigh ride to-night, won't we, Fannie?" as the door opened and both entered the library.

"Conditionally," cried Paul, holding his hands to the glowing grate. "You can't go unless some one takes you."

"But some one will take us, and be delighted for the opportunity."

"Perhaps so; and to pay you for so much self-complacence, here's the contents of my pockets, somewhat more favorable to-night."

"One for mother!"

"Stop! I will give it to her myself."

"One for you, Fannie, besides a paper and two magazines."

"Here, Kate, you are not forgotten," as Paul opened one for himself.

"Come, children, to tea," said a warm, loving voice. "Your letters afterwards."

"Yes, mother," from Fannie. "And won't we have a nice time, though!" exclaimed Kate as she brought in the tea urn.

"Miss Fannie shall have the pleasure," and Paul offered his arm smilingly, followed by two rosy-cheeked boys, who ranged themselves at the foot of the table in evident delight at the good humor of the senior group, while Willie, the youngest, whose fat, dimpled cheeks were shaded by soft, flaxen curls, and whose eyes of blue rivalled the blue bells on the flower stand in the corner, was lifted by Kate into the "high chair" close beside his mother.

Reverently were the heads bowed, and little hands folded as Paul asked God's blessing on the evening meal.

"Mother, tell us what's in father's letter," and Robert looked up eagerly.

"Willie wants papa to come back," and the baby's wish found an echo in every heart, while there is a chime of merry voices, mingled with the sound of cups and saucers, we will tell you something of the family to whom you have been thus unceremoniously introduced.

Mrs. Marshall, in the rosy flush of opening girlhood, had wedded one congenial to her in heart and person. For years, and their lives passed smoothly as a midsummer's dream. A good business turn, and with steady application to business Mr. Marshall amassed sufficient of the needful to live in ease and plenty, so that the children, though not pampered in extravagance, had ever been surrounded by all these aids and improvements so necessary to a refined culture.

Unlike many parents, however, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall did not think labor beneath them. "To be useful" was as sacred with them as "to obey." Both were understood in that family. In America fortunes are made, not inherited, and, alas! not always kept, provided the successor has less shrewdness and forethought than the one who accumulates.

Hence, the daughters, Fannie and Kate, were liberally educated, that is, they could read Chaucer, Spencer or Milton, or prepare dinner in case Biddy was called from her rightful department, speak French, or talk German, enjoying Schiller, Goethe or Jean Paul with as keen a relish as though they knew not how to broil a steak or make a chowder.

Margaret, the eldest, was given to one who had loved her for years, and she had gone forth to the West, that land of promise, the Beulah of the poor, ambitious young man.

Fannie was from babyhood a grave, thoughtful girl, her father's especial "favorite," they all said, and possessing rare mental powers. Always retaining, her time was wholly engrossed by work or book, and still there was nothing moody or misanthropic about her. She enjoyed society, had a keen relish for wit and humor, and none could play with repartee to better advantage. Still she did not court the crowd; the sunshine of home was her world, and her books dearer than treasures of silver and gold.

Paul was an active, spirited lad, full of noble, generous impulses—firm and self-reliant beyond his years. One of whom his parents were justly proud, and his sisters devoted in their attachment.

Kate, the fairy, had more beauty in her face, more sunshine in her heart, than usually falls to the lot of any one woman; rosy and dimpled, a "being not too bright and good for daily food." A genius, she promised to be withal in music. Her voice strong, sweet and clear, and as it floated out, accompanied by the full bass of Paul, with Fannie's fine contralto, and the listener could only think of holy things.

Three years before the time in which we now find them, by the chicanery of a partner, Mr. Marshall became involved, and lost in a measure the fruits of a lifetime. Tremblingly alive to the interests of his family, and fearful that a change would be felt by them as a barrier to usual enjoyments, he hardly know how to break the tidings. How was his heart lightened; not by hopeless words and storm of tears did they receive the announcement.

"Now we can repay you for all that you have done for us; we are young, and, thanks to your care, educated. You and mother shall take your turn now. We will work."

"God bless my children!" exclaimed Mr. Marshall, while the mother wept; but not for loss.

The elegant brown stone house was exchanged for a quiet cottage, the retinue of servants dwindled down to one; but love was there; and the graces presided over heart and hearth.

The sisters, each, had a chance of using their own proper gifts. A good, classical scholar, Fannie was at once appointed tutor for Robert and Henry, while Kate, as prima donna, was to give lessons in music, not forgetting to make it, if storms should gather, or any indications of a threatening nature, said alarms, we are happy to say, never arising.

While Paul, so suddenly threw off his boyhood and stepped out into the world, a friend, a companion of his father. Nobly he took the oar, and bravely he stemmed the torrent. They are riding safely now, thanks to his young fresh heart and a kind Providence.

And now, dear friends, having wandered away from the cozy supper room, warmed by the cheerful coal fire, and full of the soft gaslight, that wonderful cosmetic and beautifier of pale faces, we return just as the party have finished their repast, and are sitting together to enjoy a chat.

Paul, with his elbow on the table, is looking wistfully at Fannie, who poising a teaspoon upon her finger, is seemingly listening, as Kate relates, for the third time, the invitation she has just received to spend a few weeks in New York. "It will be splendid, won't it? just what I have wanted for a long time," and the giddy girl shook down her curls, and expatiated anew on the wonderful doings that was sure to take place, could she only get consent of the magnates that presided in the court of appeal.

"My butterfly sister," exclaimed Paul, seeing the little lady had no thought of silence, "suppose you suspend remarks for a short time. For full ten minutes I've been trying to say something very particular."

"Proceed, I'm all attention," with a little mock bow that set the boys into an open titter.

"Silence, Rob, it would be as easy to talk in a nest of magpies."

"My learned brother has the floor," said Kate, balancing herself on the back of Fannie's chair.

Paul went on to say that his salary had been materially increased, "and now mother can have the carpet and sofa she wanted so long, while Fannie can have the new books she has so patiently waited for, and Kate's old piano exchanged for a new one."

"You are a noble boy," exclaimed the mother, while the tears stood in Agnes's eyes as she turned them full upon her brother, and with such loving warmth in their blue depths, Paul felt repaid for a whole year of patient, plodding toil. Kate was as profuse in her kisses as in her adjectives, dancing into the parlor with, "that will be splendid," and, rattling away at the piano "The days when we went gipseying a long time ago."

"Come, girls, by way of first instalment I'm going to take you to the concert to-night. A rare bill, I believe, while here's a book for mother, who says she must stay with Willie," at the same time laying "The Schoenberg Cotta Family" upon the table.

"Thanks, it is just what I have wanted, my son." While Paul took Willie on his knee and made the blue eyes dance with glee, he related something he had seen down town, and which the child thought was wonderfully new and entertaining. Here Robert came with his Virgil, "there was a word he could not make out, would brother Paul tell him?" With a clear and exact explanation it was soon made plain to the puzzled brain, and Henry came up with his algebra. "We are now in the hardest part of the book, I'm not quite sure I understand it." A few moments, and he went to his seat, feeling that he could now master it.

"We are ready, brother," said Fannie, as she brought from the hall his hat and coat, while Kate held his gloves.

"What a happy fellow I am to have two such sisters."

"They cannot do enough for you, my son."

"You must not be blind to my faults, mother. Shall we go now?"

"Are you wrapped warmly? It is bitter cold."

"Oh yes, don't sit up for us, mother, and please tell Pauline to put on plenty of coal. Good night."

"Good night, my children," as each claimed a kiss, and the street door shut.

The hall was well filled when they arrived, still they succeeded in finding eligible seats, and were soon lost in the "rare, musical treat" they had anticipated. Kate was in raptures, Paul quiet and subdued, while Fannie, as usual, when she heard good music, sat entranced, the tears rolling down her face, and her heart, as her thoughts, far away, like the apostle unknown, whether in the body or out, thrilled with those delicate productions so new, fresh, and mystical, as to be effected painfully, so intense, so exquisite the enjoyment, it was like standing in the vestibule and catching a glimpse of the inner court; or like the last look of undying, unfaltering love, the perfume, the essence of divinity within, now far more unexpressed, now strangely soft and low, then a higher, bolder strain, but so delicately fitful, it was like moonlight fancies on crested ripples, and how unutterably sweet! Like a dream dissolving from the awakening brain, withal the grave, deep, yet living, breathing stillness, and Fannie knows not which is the deepest, the passion of that almost bursting heart of silence held bound, as it were, and condensed in one voice, the voice of celestial harmonies.

It was a cold, wild night in New York. All day the wind had been driving fiercely up the paved streets, while the snow flakes curtained the air, falling on smooth velvets and glossy furs, as well as on squalid poverty and filthy rags, whitening the pavements and covering the lamp posts, and still they come.

Cold and cheerless! There was a rattling of vehicles, pealing of bells, strong men muffled in heavy coats, shawls and furs, poor, frail, pinched looking women, with their pale faces and scant covering, ragged newsboys and little children, who have no homes, with their weird looks and blue, stiffened fingers, unpitied, save by God.

In striking contrast to the cold without, the cheerful happy homes, where mothers gather their little ones to their bosoms, or sing them to sleep in their soft, downy beds. A sad lot to be born in a beggar's hovel.

In a large, elegant room in the Astor, where the anthracite burns cheerily in the grate, and sheds a genial glow upon tufted carpet and damask curtains, a daintily carved table is drawn before the fire, covered with newspapers, magazines and books, a sofa, ample and luxurious, with its broad, deep cushions of ruby damask. Indeed, there is no lack of furnishing to render comfortable the inmate, who sits musing in that great easy chair by the table. Handsome he is not; but there is a high-toned manliness in every line and feature, a clear, penetrating eye; to-night there's a dewy mist about it, an expression soft and tender as a woman's. Surrounded by all that wealth can bring, with a heart cherishing goodwill to all mankind, what can this man, with his sterling integrity and broad based benevolence have to trouble him? Rich, but not the inheritor of wealth, Wade Philips looks back upon the time when poor and penniless, he walked up and down the streets in just such a night as this, praying only for a place to sleep where he might never awake again.

Guided by Providence, a kind-hearted man found him out, sheltered and gave him bread. Before and in all that city he could find nothing to do. Now—and his heart was strengthened—he found employment. The cold and chill died out.

"God has been very good to me," he murmurs. "I have enough, and if my heart must be lone and empty, there is happiness in the thought of making others glad. But what spell is upon me to-night, when the voices of the past are heard so plainly—the faces of those so loved in the long ago?"

He rises, crosses the room, and looks down through the rift of snow-flakes into the busy street.

"It is bitter cold, but a walk may refresh me."

Soon he is muffled in soft, costly furs, the cold will hardly penetrate. He's in the street, and round the corner. He hurries on, the snow-flakes almost blinding him.

"Please, sir, give me some bread."

It is a little, weak voice. Some men would not have heard it, but Wade Philips's ears are never shut to such a cry. "Bread!" It was the very thing he asked for long years ago.

"Who are you, my child?" For by the sickly glare of the street lamp he sees it is a child—a little girl, with flaxen hair, peeping out from her torn hat, the great blue eyes filled with tears. Wade Philips sees all this; he knew it before; the low, faint voice told it as plainly. He does not pass her by—this good, strong man—and she answered in a braver tone:

"I am Alice, and mamma's sick."

"You want some bread. Would you like to go where there's a nice fire to eat it?"

"Yes, sir. I don't think mamma would care."

"Well, come with me." And taking the child by the hand, he soon stood in the warm, beautiful room he had but just left. The pale face lighted with a smile as she stood before the grate, and spread out her tiny blue fingers before the genial glow; then a shade of inexpressible sadness stole over the small, oval features, as her quick eye took in the costly trappings, and then fell upon her own coarse dress.

"Don't you like my room, Alice?"

"Oh, yes, sir—it is beautiful."

"Why are you so sad?"

"Because, sir, we used to have a home—mamma and I. It is a long time ago—papa died, and—"

She choked down the sobs, and Wade Philips did not question further.

"I did not intend to make you cry, Alice."

Reassured by the kind words, the child looked up.

"Now for some supper, Alice." There was a quick pull at the bell. "Dick, bring a good, nice supper for this little girl."

"Yes, sir."

In a few moments the waiter appeared, a little quartette table was placed near the fire, and the meat, bread and milk placed temptingly upon it, while Wade Philips leaned farther back in his comfortable easy-chair, and enjoyed the effect of his hospitality upon the little guest.

"Don't you feel better, Alice?" as she sat down the empty glass and turned again to the fire.

"Oh, yes, sir. It is very nice."

"And you'll not feel sad any more?"

"Oh! I'm always sad now. But, please, sir, I must go home now. Mamma will be frightened about me if I am out so late."

"And you have had quite enough, and are warm, Alice?"

"Oh, yes, sir. It is so pleasant here."

"And how would you like to stay here always, Alice?"

The great, wistful eyes looked up wonderingly.

"Oh, I should like it so much, if mamma only had a home like this. Please, sir, may I go now?"

"Yes, Alice. May I go with you?" And they are in the street.

"It is very cold, Alice. Let us go in here."

It was a clothing-store, and Wade Philips found a nice warm hood, thick shawl, and scarlet mittens, with which he invested the little Alice. She was also furnished with warm stockings and thick shoes; and there was also a roll of soft, fleecy flannel, which her benefactor insisted on carrying himself, till he came to the old, ragged house, in the third story of which Alice said she lived.

"Alice, perhaps it is too late to-night for me to see your mother. I will remember the place, and come again in the morning."

"Good night, sir. I shall be so glad."

The morning came, and with it Wade Philips found his way to that third-story back room, in that old wind-tossed tenement.

"Good morning, Alice. You see that I have remembered my promise."

"I am glad, sir. My mother, sir."

Mrs. Dalton—for that was the mother's name—was an invalid, pillowed upon an old ricketty rocking-chair; her large, fine eyes and delicate features in strong contrast with the forlorn surroundings. A strange, dark fate had been hers. It is four years since she left the old home across the Atlantic, and came to America, with her invalid husband.

The voyage did not benefit him as was anticipated. He died but a few days after he landed, and was buried by strangers.

"Since then we have been growing poorer every day. For me, I shall soon be at rest—but my child"—and the widow covered her face with her thin, transparent hand.

To hesitate was not one of Wade Philips's characteristics. Down, down in his heart there's a picture of a little girl, not unlike to Alice, with blue eyes and flaxen hair. The light on her high, white forehead had a glory in it, and the delicate bloom of her cheek, like the inner leaf of a sweet moss rose. She was not one to bear cold and poverty; and one bright May morning this one sweet blossom of his early life was carried by the angels to a brighter, better home than she had ever found here. Poor and desolate he was then. Now he has an abundance.

Alice had found a guardian.

Two days after the concert, and when we left the Marshall's in our migratory tour northward, the senior member of the family returned; and it was decided by the "Magnates," as Kate called them, that in consideration of certain proclivities, certain straggling desires, for instruction in certain branches, not to be found at home, that Kate should go to New York, not as a visitor, at the gay and fashionable house of her friend Mrs. Clyde; but purposedly for lessons in music, French, and German.

"She seems so intent on teaching," said the mother, while the tears glistened, "it seems no more than right that we should give her the advantages necessary to meet with success."

"She will also have the advantage of refined and intelligent society," responded Fannie, "and with her warm nature and ardent temperament, become strengthened and improved."

"And you shall take a trip to the White Mountains," said Paul, bending over Fannie's chair. "What say you? Something new to write about, for your next magazine article."

Just then Kate came into the room, and being duly informed of the decision, performed some new, and not ungraceful fandangoes, executed "con spirito" while a perfect shower of kisses, with a superabundance of adjectives, served in every variety of style, caused her for the time to forget the purport of her visit.

"Oh, yes, I shall feel so badly to leave you; but just now I'm in a direful dilemma, and was on my way to find this wise sister of mine, to aid me in the difficulty."

"I am entirely at your service, little lady: lead the way if you please."

And Kate mounted the stairs, taking two at a leap.

"Here," as she took up her palette and brush, "I can't get the colors on this tree to please me; I want it to light up with the sun's last rays; it looks too cold and stiff. Can you help me?"

"Perhaps so," taking the brush.

"Oh, there's an improvement instantly. How do you manage it? I can't see; I use the same colors, study the points, and am extremely careful; but with the dip of your brush, you give it tone and character at the same time."

"There is nothing to make you impatient in that, as I see, Kate; by the time you have practiced as long as I have, it will then be quite as easy. Loving Nature in all her moods, you will soon catch the inspiration, and if you study carefully a few whom you would like to copy, rather than the whole indiscriminately. With constant practice, and a determination to excel, depend upon it you will accomplish all that you desire."

"But that will take so long, Fannie."

"True—one can excel in nothing without time."

"But you have not painted longer than I have."

"You little know how severely I have practiced; and so awkward was I at first, my teacher said openly that 'there was little use—I could never make a painter.' All I needed was study and practice. It is all you need."

"And that I will have. But thanks! My tree is all right now; I will remember your teaching."

"Study and practice."

It was evening—there was a flutter of fingers, gold shields, and glittering lances, in Mr. Marshall's little parlor, when Paul entered, earlier than unsual, bringing with him a tall, fine-looking young gentleman, whom he introduced as "Mr. Stanly, from St. Louis, a friend of sister Margaret's."

"Margaret's friends are ours," said Mrs. Marshall, giving the young lawyer a hearty shake of the hand.

"I consider myself most happy in thus making the acquaintance of a family of whom I have heard so much," while a beaming smile lit up the pleasant face, and bright sunny glances responded to his pretty compliment.

"But tell us something of the Western country, if you are not too tired," said Paul.

"Yes, you will find us ready listeners," said Mrs. Marshall, "at one time we thought to go there." Perhaps, it will be brought about in time."

"Indeed, it is a most delightful portion of our country—with its broad prairies, everywhere dimpled with verdure and flowers, the abundant vegetation springing up with but little labor; the rich harvests; the warmhearted, more impulsive inhabitants, who have built cities, bridged rivers, laid out railroads, linking the East to the Western border, and affording a home for thousands upon thousands of the down-trodden and oppressed of other nations."

Then there was a call to tea—cheerful and merry as of old. Afterward there was music in the parlor, reading, chatting, with all that urbanity of manner, that sparkling wit and humor so charming to an appreciative mind.

Thus passed the few days of Mr. Stanly's visit. Paul devoting his time exclusively to his guest. Fannie and Kate, ever ready to amuse and refresh, either with music or the quick interchange of thought and sentiment, the keen enjoyment of those mental feasts which only they of cultivated minds have the skill to prepare, or the good sense to relish. Hence, he left that house richer than when he entered it, carrying in his heart a cherished picture of that sweet cottage home; above all, there was one figure he loved particular to recall. But we are not given to telling secrets, and the young gentleman is somewhat bashful withal.

It is six months since Kate left; she has been missed sadly; still her letters come and go each week, filled with just as much of the sparkle and beauty of life, as it is in the nature of white paper to hold, at any time or on any occasion.

True, she studied and practiced, still society had its claims; she was not to live a recluse, be shut up in a cloister, or quietly play the wall flower; it was not her nature. She liked the gorgeous trappings, the rich velvet, and exquisite laces; but her heart rested not there. Like the gentle breeze, just rippling the outer surface of the calm blue waves—so her spirit dimpled into smiles, beneath the sunshine of social life, but the unspoken music of her soul, light and volatile as she was, would only echo to deeper, more thrilling symphonies.

At length, Paul received more frequent epistles. And Paul's friend, Mr. Stanly was often mentioned.

"He has done me the favor several times to write. Such good letters! so full of rare and beautiful description, so noble in sentiment, so richly freighted with high poetical thought, and Christian aspiration. I am sure I shall be better all my life for the reading." And thus she talks, while Mr. Stanly is not so immersed in law, but he can lay Blackstone aside long enough to favor old friends with "news of the West," as also to keep himself fresh in the memory of those from whom he hopes a more tender welcome even, at no very distant day.

Spring had gone; summer, with golden feet, had tripped away and over the hills, when Kate suddenly sickened with that most unaccountable of all disease "Mal du Pays."

"Oh, I am so glad to be with you again. And now won't we have plenty of music; but first I want to see everybody and everything in the house." And away she bounded, the same winsome, lighthearted thing; only more strangely beautiful; every physical charm heightened by cultivation, by gracefulness of manner, by increased refinement of thought and expression.

Swiftly and merrily passed the hours, replete with the history of each since they parted.

Kate spoke smilingly of the past, and still more joyously of the future.

"Mr. Stanly will be out again at Christmas. It will be pleasant to meet him, will it not?"

It was the morning of the glad New Year! And never was the day ushered in under more favorable auspices.

Bright and glorious, the pure ermine mantle glistening in the sunlight; while from brown fronts, pent-up garrets, and damp, dismal cellars, went up the glorious all hail! Acclamations, shouts, and congratulations from the mass

of breathing, living creatures in homage to the glad new year. The bright, glad new year! that was to bring so much to gladden, perhaps to darken their future path.

Swiftly the day was passing; joy was uproarious; the streets were full of life and motion. Men and women proud and happy, while the elegant houses of the rich and affluent were thronged with those who, with courtly bow and winning grace, failed not in the interchange of those pretty compliments befitting the season, the sparkling bon mots, the quick repartee uncaging a twittering laugh, and rolling off in faint waves of melody like the far off music of silver bells.

All day long had Wade Philips been up and down the streets, not like others of his look and bearing. A comparative stranger, there were few to welcome him, and none whose claims for that day could win him from what he had purposed in his heart to do. More than one solitary home had been brightened by his presence, more than one solitary, shrinking creature for whom "He died," had felt the kindness of Wade Philips's words, and turned to their cheerless chamber stronger, better able to bear the burden. Little children, with their great wondering eyes, looked up and blessed him in their heart.

And now this man, with a heart all kindness, this man, who had been a messenger of joy to the sad and sorrowing, was walking slowly up Broadway, while memories of the long ago swept with resistless force across his soul, and tears such as a woman might weep as he thought of the "brown eyed darling" of his boyhood; the little golden haired sister that his mother had left him; the one whom the angels took, because he had not the means to care for her as they could.

Thus saddened, but still unselfish in his sorrow, Wade Philips rallied under the light banter of a friend, and entered a well-known gallery of art, hardly knowing or caring whether to study pictures, breathing a silent, so heavy was the cloud that flung its dark, chill drapery around him.

Losing sight of his friend, who had become suddenly absorbed in Alpine sunset, springs and cascades, he seated himself in a cushioned recess and relapsed into profound reverie. His eye and ear were after a time arrested by the entrance of a small party, who were standing near him. "A bride," he thought, as he scanned the bright, young face.

"Lovely! Isn't it, Edward?" as she turned to the fine looking man at her side, standing spell-bound before the fairy conceptions of the artist's brain.

"The Grotto of the Fairies," taken from Fenelon's description. The distant sea, with crested billows silvered by moonlight; the enchanted aisles, groves of perennial bloom; the cool, dreamy fountains, with mist and spray; the white-robed nymphs, as exquisite on canvas as upon the author's glowing page.

"How it recalls the charming story," said another, a lady, with a face less beautiful, with less of youthful grace, but more of that clear, spirituelle inspiration felt, but far more difficult to describe.

"I don't like to think that fairies have no real existence," said the little lady whom Wade Philips had thought a bride.

"I do not doubt the real existence of fairies, having often felt their influence. What say you, Stanly?" said a youth, who bore strong likeness to the two ladies.

"I'm in favor of that theory certainly, and have taken good care to appropriate one whose existence is to me proof positive," and the calm, gray eyes lit up with a joyous light.

"The fairies, real and tangible, are sometimes dependent upon their more airy sisters, and the spells woven in harebells and butter-cups, potent in their influence if read skillfully," said the paler, taller of the two ladies.

"White wings are always near you, Fannie."

"Attracted by my surroundings perhaps," with a smile that angels might wear.

They passed on—the rosy bride, the pale face, and angel smile, while Wade Philips taking the arm of his friend was again in the street, jostling, crowding with real life.

Days passed; "the season," which had been unusually gay, was at its height, and, strange as it may seem, Wade Philip's handsome face and courtly mien had been seen at more than one gathering.

The gathered memories of the past had enshrined another. A pale, spirituelle face, with a smile of loving kindness looked out upon him, leading him on from one street to another. Making one in the gay saloon, the music hall, the gallery of fine arts, but never meeting the reality. If he entered his room it was there, gave a lesson to Alice Dalton, or opened a book, he was sure to find it. Why did it haunt him thus?

He was sitting alone in his room one night thinking as usual, when the door opened.

"Are you not going to Felton's to-night?"

"No, Wilson."

"Why not? That's provoking."

"I'm tired."

"The very thing to rest you, and, besides, this is the last party of the season."

"The less need of my presence."

"The more. Have you not heard there are to be several there who have not been on the tapis before? Among the rest the lovely Mrs. Stanly and sister. Have you not met them?"

Whether it was the wish merely to please his friend, or one of those unaccountable influences that sometimes so suddenly change the most strongly fortified resolutions, Wade Philips concluded to comply with his friend's request.

The rooms were filled when the gentlemen entered. Noble and gallant was their bearing, bright and joyous their reception—beautiful women, and stately men. Instinctively Wade Philip's eyes wandered, and there, in a shaded recess, talking earnestly with one of the well-known "savans," that very face, the gas-light just touching her brow, her eyes radiant with a holy light, while the smile that hovered about the well curved lip, was only such as a pure heart could know.

We need not say that the learned scholar, "the lion of the evening," did not engross the entire attention of Miss Marshall, as we saw her an hour afterwards hanging on the arm of Wade Philips, and knew by the low words of earnest conversation that each had recognized a kindred spirit.

It was the last party of the season. But before another, a small circle had stood before the altar of a church in the near vicinity of the Astor, and Wade Philips bore to his home a lovely wife to lead and guide, as he said, his little ward, Alice Dalton.

MAN leads woman to the altar—in that act his leadership begins and ends.

GRANDFATHER'S PET.

This is the room where she slept,
  Only a year ago,—
Quiet, and carefully swept,
  Blinds and curtains like snow;
There by the bed in the dusky gloom,
  She would kneel with her tiny clasped hands and pray!
Here is the little white rose of a room,—
  With the fragrance fled away!

Effie, Grandfather's pet,
  With her wise little face,—
I seem to hear her yet
  Singing about the place;
But the crowds roll on, and the streets are drear,
  And the world seems hard with a bitter doom,
And Effie is singing elsewhere,—and here
  Is the little white rose of a room.

Why, if she stood just there,
  As she used to do,
With her long light yellow hair,
  And her eyes of blue,—
If she stood, I say, at the edge of the bed,
  And ran to my side with a living touch,
Though I know she be quiet, and buried, and dead,
  I should not wonder much.

For she was so young, you know,—
  Only seven years old,
And she loved me, loved me, so,
  Though I was gray and old,
And her face was so wise, and so sweet to see,
  And it still looked living when she lay dead,
And she used to plead for mother and me
  By the side of that very bed!

I wonder, now, if she
  Knows I am standing here,
Feeling, wherever she be,
  We hold the place so dear?
It cannot be that she sleeps too sound,
  Still in her little night-gown dress,
Not to hear my footsteps sound
  In the room where she used to rest.

Nay!—though I am dull and blind,
  Since men are bad and base,
The Lord is much too kind
  To mar such a sweet young face:
Why, when we stood by her still bed-side,
  She seemed to breathe like a living thing!
And when I murmured her name and cried,
  She seemed to be listening!

I have felt hard fortune's stings,
  And battled in doubt and strife,
And never thought much of things
  Beyond this human life;—
But I cannot think that my darling died
  Like great strong men with their prayers untrue—
Nay!—rather she sits at God's own side,
  And sings as she used to do!

A weary path I have trod:
  And now I feel no fear,—
For I cannot think that God
  Is so far, since she was here!
As I stand, I can see the blue eyes shine,
  And the small arms reach thro' the curtained gloom,—
While the breath of the great Lord God divine
  Stirs the little white rose of a room!

MIRIAM THORN.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. H. A. HEYDON.

CHAPTER V.

"I will pass over the sale of their beautiful home, and the common but none the less bitter trial of seeing their household treasures pass into other hands. Books, statuary, pictures, even the plate and china went, for Miriam would withhold nothing.

"Aunt Olivia, in spite of all her efforts at self-control, drooped visibly, and Miriam tried by every tender care to comfort her, and if she shed tears, poor girl, it was when she was alone.

"One month from her father's death, Miriam and her aunt passed out of the door of their home—left it forever.

"Mr. Lane had secured a place for Miriam in a seminary near Baltimore, where the salary was sufficient for herself and Miss Thorn, in the simple way they were content to live.

"With thoughtful kindness the good old lawyer went on to get the little rooms in order before Miriam came, and from his (by no means full) purse had added a few comforts to the bare necessaries they could afford for their new home.

"All this time there had been no letter from Philip, and my heart ached for her as, day after day, Miriam came back from the office through the cold and damp of a New England autumn, without the treasure for which she had gone.

"One evening, her last in her old home, Judge Hale called to tell her 'he was about to join Philip in Europe, as his son had written to him to do so, and if Miriam had letters or messages to send, he should take great pleasure in delivering them.'

"Oh! if we could only have known the truth then, how much sorrow might have been spared.

"Not until last night did I know, Grace, that 'poor Philip was then lying ill of a lingering fever at Naples,' and his cousins had written, by his request, for his father and Miriam to come before he died, if possible, as the physicians gave little hope of his recovery.

"The same mail that brought this news came freighted with the intelligence that Cecily Lattimer, by the death of her godfather, had added to the fine Devonshire estate that was hers, the comfortable sum of fifty thousand pounds.

"If Judge Hale was anxious for the marriage before, he was doubly anxious after the reception of this letter. Cecily was old enough to enter society, and a pretty girl who could bestow fifty thousand pounds and a fine country seat in return for a wedding-ring, would hardly pass through a London season without suitors who might eclipse the splendor of the American cousin to whom her father had promised her hand.

"One thing seemed clear to the mind of the Judge: no engagement with a poor girl—a school-teacher—must be allowed to stand between Philip and the brilliant future that might be his with his English cousin. Philip could not be so blindly infatuated as to desire it himself.

"Judge Hale forgot that Philip was not only his son, but the child of the high-souled descendant of the grand old colonial Governor Winthrop, and that if he inherited his father's stately person, he was likewise heir to sweet Mary Winthrop's true, noble nature.

"But he had never read his wife; her fortune was a desirable stepping-stone to power, and she a lady suitable to preside over the house of a Hale.

"He did not care to remember that Mary Winthrop, the belle of New London, had married him when his worldly possessions consisted of a fine wardrobe, a finished education, handsome person, and patrician name; that in exchange for these she had given her deep, true heart, and her hand with its welcome hundred thousand; and that it was just possible Philip might be as unselfish as his mother.

"No! He did not think of this, nor did the memory of his dead Mary stand between him and his purpose of parting Philip and Miriam.

"'It was very unfortunate, this silly engagement, but it should go no further. He would take good care that no letters should pass between them, and if his son recovered, it would be long before he could cross the ocean to learn the truth for himself.'

"He had made sure no news of Dr. Thorn's death and poor Miriam's losses had reached Philip, fearing the boy would feel obliged to return at once; for even his cold nature had a dim suspicion that Philip loved Miriam too well to give her up readily, although he could not have been made to believe the half of his son's love for her.

"So passed the winter—long enough its hours must have seemed to the lonely girl, for they brought no tidings of Philip.

"She wrote to me often—such letters, oh! Grace, I cannot express the reverence I felt for her, bearing so bravely his triple sorrow, her father's death, the loss of all the luxuries that use, from childhood, had rendered so indispensable, and this strange silence of Philip's.

"Her letters were full of interest, and beyond the simple announcement that 'she had no news yet from him,' given to me in lieu of the welcome tidings of his health and prosperity she knew I so longed to hear, she did not speak of this great trial.

"Always unselfish, she would not add to my disappointment in no longer hearing from my brother, by dwelling upon her bitter grief at his mysterious silence.

"She told me of 'her school, her Aunt Olivia's drooping health,' but no complaints of the weariness of body and mind which I was sure were the ever-present guests of my poor friend.

"Being poor, we could not visit often, and indeed she could not long have left her aunt, and Miss Thorn was unable to take the journey, even had I been able to offer her comfortable quarters instead of the one small room in the third story of my cousin's house, which was my home.

"Once during that long year, I went for a few days to see her. I had, through Mr. Lane's kindness, obtained a good place in a large Academy at Providence, and indulged myself in this luxury in place of the new dress I needed, for my one silk was getting rusty, and sadly old-fashioned.

"I found her living in cheap lodgings; two small, plainly furnished rooms were all they could afford, but both of them looking so patient, so calm, in their altered fortunes, I loved them, if possible, more than ever.

"Aunt Olivia looked as much the lady in her plain black dress and simple muslin cap, as when I saw her in silver-grey brocade at Judge Hale's great dinner, with a brilliant diamond sparkling amid the laces on her bosom, and her soft hair lying under a dainty web of lace worth all her present costume. And her slight form sat with as much dignity in her cane chair as on the rosewood sofas at Woodbine Cottage.

"Miriam, too, no change in fortune could detract from the 'ladyhood' that was her birthright.

"Her delicate face was very pale, and there were shadows beneath the beautiful eyes, but she was still Miriam Thorn, still the loveliest girl I have ever seen.

"Her black French print dress was worn with the same grace the India muslins and rich silks of other days had been, and the white throat rose as white and regal from the tiny frill of muslin, as I had seen it when gleaming from the filmy laces, in which she loved to adorn herself, when she had money as well as taste.

"I even thought the plainness of their dress was only a triumph to reveal the real lady no simplicity of attire could conceal, and whose refinement was as apparent in their third-story rooms as in the drawing-room at Lyle when governors, senators, and other 'lions' were their guests.

"With her scholars Miriam was an idol, and she devoted her time and talents to them with an energy and faithfulness that insured their rapid progress.

"So patiently did she bear her cross, so well conceal its crushing weight, that only those who knew her, as did her aunt and I, knew that in the quiet teacher at Madam Lenard's, they were gazing upon one of those martyrs 'of whom the world is not worthy.'

"Soon after I was settled at Providence I met your Uncle Nathaniel. He was double my age, and had three children. I think my relatives were of the opinion I was beside myself to marry him, a plain—so they thought—middle-aged farmer; 'but I was poor, and perhaps it would do for a school teacher.' At any rate they did not oppose his wish to remove me (at the close of the term for which I was engaged) to his home in Connecticut, and we were married about a year after Dr. Thorn's death.

"I did not explain to my relatives why I loved this grave farmer, and I believe they thought I married for a home. They could not read the noble, manly heart that revealed itself in his clear eyes, and crowned his high forehead far beyond what an Apollo's grace could have done without it.

"Miriam (for she would have us come and see her, much as I dreaded my happiness contrasting with her sad life,) appreciated him at once.

"I will not stop in my already long story to tell you of my happiness, nor into what joy my orphaned heart, blossomed in the cloudless light of his love. Enough, that to keep his love and win his approval has been the study of my life for nine years, and when his head is laid to sleep in the old church yard, I hope it may please God to let me go with him.

"Knowing his chivalrous views in all that pertained to love and marriage, and how he despised a man who could break his plighted word after having won a woman's heart, I could not speak of Philip to him.

"Neither Miriam nor I believed he had been false, but we could not prove it, and I had no wish to speak of him while he must remain under a cloud which our deep love could not disperse.

"Thus it happened he had never heard of Philip until last Sabbath.

"As soon as I was settled at my new home, with his consent I wrote to invite Miriam to make her home with us.

"I have her answer still:

"'How much I thank you, Lucy, for your kind offer, I cannot tell you; your own heart needs no interpreter! But, my dear, I cannot come. The physician tells me Aunty Olivia could not live through a northern winter; but, Lucy, even if she could I could not live without *steady employment*. The quiet, happy home circle of which (thank God) you are now the centre will not do for me. I can bear the weary life of a teacher far better. You will bear me witness, Lucy, I have not often spoken of that sorrow your heart shares with mine, but I tell you truly it is only by giving myself no leisure to think I can keep my reason. With you I could not help speaking sometimes of the past, and I might not be able to look my future in the face as submissively as I could wish.

"'I have not had *one trial too much*, but if I gave myself time to think I could not bear them as I ought.

"'My scholars love me, and I hope I do them some good; and a little way on, Lucy, I shall see the *why* of all this sorrow—shall *see* as, I now *feel*, that it was all ordered in mercy by the Father in whose love I confide.

"'God bless you, and keep you is my earnest prayer. MIRIAM.'

"I knew she was right, and did not urge her again. She used to spend a few days with me of every vacation, and once Miss Olivia came with her.

"Last May, in the same mail that brought your letter, telling me of your long vacation, I received one from Miriam, saying, 'Their seminary was to be closed for some months that it might be enlarged and repaired, and as the physician thought Aunt Olivia well enough to travel with, she would come for a long visit.

"I was delighted with this prospect, for I had long been anxious you should know and love Miriam, and wrote at once to say how opportune her visit would be, but I was to be disappointed. In a few days came another note, saying, Florence Ellison, one of her favorite pupils, was to be married in June, and was so anxious for her to attend the wedding and accompany her on her bridal tour she could not refuse, especially as her aunt would be domiciled with Mrs. Ellison in her pleasant country seat meanwhile. I might expect her in August or the first of September, when the Leightons went to Newport.

"It is now ten years, Grace, since I parted with Philip, and you can imagine my surprise when your uncle announced, so unexpectedly his arrival at Lenox. For years Miriam and I had believed him dead, and it seemed as if a grave had opened and my long mourned for brother came forth from its darkness.

"I felt sure he was the same Philip that all these years of darkness and silence could be explained; but I could not risk his self-possession or my own by meeting him for the first time in the presence of others, at least not in church.

"After you went out this morning, I was writing a note to send by Phebe, when I looked up and Philip stood before me.

"His joy at seeing me fully equalled my delight at meeting him, and sitting by my side he told me his story.

"His illness at Naples was long and severe, and it was many months before his sight enabled him to write. Judge Hale told him on his arrival 'that Miriam could not leave her aunt as Dr. Thorn had gone on a long journey,' nor did Philip know until long after that the journey ended in heaven.

"He was surprised and disappointed, but knowing how frail was Miss Thorn's health, tried to be patient.

"At his request his father pretended to write to Miriam; but of course the letters were never sent.

"It was not until winter he was well enough to write, and, then as his father's servant posted them, they never reached her. He had made all his arrangements to return in the first packet. They had reached France by slow and easy journeys, when his father, in despair, invented the story of Miriam's death.

"The blow came suddenly, and in his feeble state of health was too much. A violent relapse followed, and again he lay at death's door while the winter and much of the spring passed away.

"One day in looking over some old American newspapers, he read the notice of Dr. Thorn's sudden death, and the advertised sale of Woodbine Cottage.

"There was nothing left to return to Lyle for. His father had told him of my marriage, and removal from the state. This he learned from his agent, but took good care not to tell him my address; and he persuaded the Judge, who was well-pleased at the suggestion, to sell his estate, and invest it in England.

"But no quiet home could content his restless, saddened spirit; and for two years he was a wanderer—Syria, Egypt, Idumea, and India, all were visited.

"It was in Syria he painted this picture of Miriam, hoping, some time to find Lucy and give her that faithful likeness of one she had loved, and who he knew, if still alive, mourned with him her early death.

"On his return to England, Philip reverted to the wish he had as a boy entertained to devote himself to the ministry; but which plan his father had opposed so decidedly, that it had been abandoned.

"But his father dared no longer oppose him, especially as Cecily Lattimer had married the son of Sir John Home, and her fortune was added to the Home coffers. Not, as he had once hoped, to his Philip's.

"The discipline of those sad years had not been lost on poor Philip. He had followed the wanderings of the children of Israel, from Egypt to Canaan; stood in the Solomon temples and tombs of Petræ; sat under the palm trees of Bethany; followed the rocky path leading from Bethlehem to Jerusalem, until in the dewy fragrance of the garden of Olives, the voice of Him whose presence has forever hallowed it, bade him, 'go forth, as His apostle, preaching His Gospel to every creature, and promising His presence, His peace should be with him always.'

"Do you wonder at his power, now, Grace? Do you wonder he could speak of the pillar of cloud, and of fire? that he could tell of a 'peace which passeth all understanding,' when it had helped him to bear patiently the desolation of his life?

"One year ago, Judge Hale died. His illness was short; but as soon as the physician told him of his danger, he asked for writing materials, and with great effort began to write his confession.

"He told him the substance of the story I have repeated to you; but before he had reached the story of Miriam's death, his trembling hand stopped, and with the whispered request to the clergyman (whose kindness had been unremitting through his illness,) that he would give the paper to his son, with his blessing, and to ask Philip to forgive him; the shadow of eternity crept over his face, and Judge Hale slept with his fathers.

"Philip was at the time at Naples, where he had gone for his health, which never very strong, required occasional rest from his arduous duties, and he did not reach England until after his father's funeral.

"You can imagine his deep sorrow at learning from the confession of his father, the cruel deception of which he and poor Miriam had been the victims.

A great longing came over him to return to America—to buy Woodbine Cottage, if possible; and if there was no clergyman at Lyle, he would preach for them. With his great wealth he could surely bring comfort to some hearts, and in the faithful performance of duty, would wait until the call came to join Miriam, in the rest to which he believed she had gone.

"He went to Lyle six month's since, bought the cottage, which, with most of the furniture, pictures, and books, had since Dr. Thorn's death been the property of a gentleman from Providence; but who had failed, and was obliged to dispose of it, and was very willing to take the liberal sum Philip offered.

"Now, Grace, you know all the story. We have only to wait for Miriam's coming. Philip tells me the cottage is just as beautiful as ever; and he will go to Lyle to-morrow to secure a housekeeper and gardener; that when Miriam comes, her old home may be all ready for her reception.

"I am now expecting her every day. And I know, Grace, you will join with me in thanking God, that for these two, so long tired, the darkness is past."

The next day was very lovely; warm and misty the sunlight, fragrant the air with the delicious odor of new-mown hay.

I had followed Uncle Nathaniel to the meadow, and in the shade of wide-spreading elm watched the hay-makers, as their glittering scythes cut with a pleasant music through the plumed grass, and laid it low; and I came back with my hands laden with meadow spoils in the shape of gorgeous lilies, and the scarlet flames of cardinal flowers.

As I came through the gate, I saw a lady sitting by the open window. She was not in early youth, and her face was not perfect as tried by Grecian rules, but it was the loveliest face I had ever seen. Her clear, soft hazel eyes looked out from beneath a brow too high and broad for fashion-plate beauty, but looking in its pale grandeur, worthy to reign over those thoughtful eyes. Her rich, brown hair was put plainly back from her white forehead, and the shining bands arranged with artistic skill. There were no curls, no fluttering ends of ribbon, to mar the fine outlines of her serene face. Her mouth was beautiful in repose, and when she spoke—her clear, soft, vibrant tones were to me the sweetest I had ever heard.

Her dress was simple, a cloud-like muslin, finished at the throat with a delicate frill of lace, and fastened with a knot of crimson.

I was about to enter, when her voice arrested me.

"And so, Lucy, the good, old man has gone! Lenox will hardly seem itself without his kindly face. But for him I am entirely glad. He had followed the pillar of cloud and fire so long in the desert, rest must have been sweet."

Who was this lovely woman, so quietly serene? Who was she, to echo the words that had haunted my mind since they rang out with such power from the pulpit on the last Sabbath evening? Where had I seen that lovely face, those beautiful eyes?

It was only a moment before she stood revealed—"Miriam Thorn!"

Ten years had changed the sweet face from the young girl in the picture, banished the rose from the cheek, darkened the gold-brown hair; but all it had lost in girlish bloom was more than replaced in the spiritual loveliness of the woman's face, in the deep, abiding peace that shone from her steadfast eyes, and rested like a halo on her queenly head.

As I looked at her face, and heard the music of her voice, I did not wonder at my aunt's enthusiasm, or Philip's deathless love. She was worthy of it.

With marvellous self-control Aunt Lucy had refrained from telling Philip's story. She would not forestall his right, nor deprive Miriam of the pleasure of hearing first from his own lips the story of his faithful love.

If I had been charmed with Miriam's face, I was still more charmed with her character, of which the faultless exterior was only a type.

She seldom spoke of herself, but there was no more need than for a rose to proclaim its beauty and fragrance, or a lily its stainless purity.

One afternoon, a few days after her arrival, Miriam and I walked out together to enjoy a certain view of the distant hills, which at sunset was very fine. They looked even more lovely than was their wont, as they stood in the golden glow of a summer's evening.

Leaving Miriam to rest in the shade of a wide-spreading elm, I strayed along the river bank, to gather some late blooming flowers for her.

As I came in sight of the elm, on my return, I paused a moment to note the picture—so full of artistic grace. Miriam was still sitting where I left her, with the sunshine sifting through the leaves, and falling in golden ripples on the waves of her hair, and lying in drops of light on the misty gray of her muslin dress.

But another eye than mine received the beauty of the picture. A shadow fell across my path, and on looking up I saw Philip Hale.

Miriam saw his approach, and the single words—"Philip!"—"Oh! Miriam!"—told the story, and in a moment cancelled the darkness of all those years of sorrow.

I stole softly away, with a heart well-nigh as happy as those of the long parted lovers.

The moon had arched her silver crescent in the pure sky, when they came slowly homeward, and on Miriam's white hand sparkled a

quaint, beautiful ring—the "betrothal ring of Hales."

Patient reader, one picture more.

The soft light of dreamy September is glowing in the sky, and gilding the autumn landscape into more than summer's glory.

The quiet of the country reigns around. In the centre of a broad, green lawn, that to the south stretches its velvet turf, until only a white line of sand glitters between it and the ocean, stands a quaint cottage of gray stone, over whose sides the woodbine trails its rich embroidery.

Here and there the smooth turf is broken up into spots of bloom—brilliant geraniums, the vivid splendor of verbenas, the white and crimson beauty of late blooming roses, and the odorous purple of heliotropes, charm by their loveliness, and cheer with their perfume. Around the windows cluster the odorous stars of the white clematis, framed in the shining green of its pointed leaves.

Passing the doorway, the beauty is not left behind. Surely we have heard of that saintly Madonna, that landscape of Claude's, the angel beauty of that "St. John." It can be none other than the old home of Miriam Thorn—Woodbine Cottage.

A little group are gathered in the drawing-room. Some of their faces are familiar. That happy face, lighted with those loving gray eyes, is surely "Aunt Lucy's"—and well her gala dress becomes her matronly beauty.

In that great crimson chair sits Miss Thorn—for to no one else can that pale, sweet face belong. Soft lies her silver hair under that dainty cap, and well the rich gray satin befits the lady's stately form.

There is a hush of expectation, then the folding-doors glide softly back, and can this radiant being be the pale, patient Miriam. It must be, for the arm of the gentleman on which she leans is none other than Philip Hale's.

White as the lily's leaves her dress, and through the misty lace of her veil her pure, sweet face is seen, with a wild-rose tint on her clear cheek, smiles caressing the red of her lips, and love shining in her beautiful eyes.

Through the great western window pours the golden sunlight, and it falls like a benediction on their heads as they stand together, and from all our hearts goes up a glad thanksgiving, that to Philip Hale and his sweet wife, in this new Eden, God has granted His peace.

Fairmount Park.

The interest in this popular resort has increased so steadily, and to such an extent that it may now fairly be considered as the chief attraction of the city, notwithstanding its unfinished condition. This is, in a large degree, owing to the natural advantages of the place, which, although little money has been spent upon it in improvements, have set off everything remarkably. Presuming that a description of the Park may possess interest for those who frequently have friends visiting the city, we have compiled the subjoined information in reference to it.

Approaches to the Park.

It is, of course, the better plan to take a carriage in the heart of the city and drive to and through the Park leisurely, as walking and climbing are fatiguing work; but the great mass of the public use the city passenger railway cars. For carriages there are three gates—at Green street, Coates street, and Landing avenue. The pleasantest drive through the city is out Green street, but for strangers who wish to see Girard College and the Eastern Penitentiary, the Coates street route is preferable. For those who wish a nearer view of Girard College, the drive out Girard avenue is best. For persons using the cars, there are six different lines, all running directly to the Park. Three of these afford access to the Park at the Callowhill street gate, the beginning of Fairmount; these being the Arch street, Race and Vine, and Callowhill street lines. The Green and Coates street line terminates at the Coates street gate, the Union line at the Brown street gate, and the Girard avenue line at the Girard avenue bridge. These lines communicate with every part of the town perfectly, and are used by immense numbers of persons daily.

Origin of the Park.

Fairmount Park takes its name from the highest hill in it—a bold, rugged, rocky elevation, overlooking what were formerly the rapids of the river Schuylkill, until the great dam changed the aspect. It is the first of the heights skirting the river as we go up the stream, and though the elevation is not great, the boldness of the outline makes it seem so. The Park is not a great design undertaken from the beginning as a unitary enterprise, but has grown up gradually, and the city has gone on step by step without, at the outset, knowing the end in view. Fairmount itself was improved long ago, and in such a really beautiful and picturesque style, that it became a famous resort, and was known all over the country. The improvement included none of the ground lying between the height and Coates street, although it belonged to the city. For a long period this tract remained a desolate and unsightly waste, but at last it was enclosed within the boundary of Fairmount grounds, filled up and graded, and so remained until after the consolidation of the city and suburbs. When Mr. Birkinbine became Chief Engineer of the Water Works, he undertook the improvement of Fairmount grounds, and has continued it with so much energy and taste as to render them very attractive.

The Lemon Hill estate was formerly the residence of the Pratt family, to whose liberality and taste we owe very much, if not most, of the present beauty of that tract. It was purchased by the old city corporation long before consolidation, to prevent the erection of factories along the river, and keep the water pure; but being rented to a lager beer vender, became a most disgusting ruin, melancholy to contemplate. At last the authorities of the consolidated city resolved to turn out the lager beer dealer, and devote the place to the purposes of a public park, which was accordingly done. Competent landscape gardeners were employed to draw up plans for the improvement, and these have been carried out thus far very well. This plan proposed to connect this new tract with Fairmount by the purchase of the intervening ground between Landing avenue and the river. As the improvement of the Lemon Hill estate progressed, the popularity of the place became so great, that Councils commenced proceedings for the new purchase, which, though embarrassed by our unforeseen troubles, were at last successful, and the union of the two great tracts was accomplished. Meantime a number of liberal citizens subscribed money to buy the Sedgely estate, lying north of the Lemon Hill estate, along the river, thus extending the Park over the grounds of the Spring Garden Water Works. The union of this with the rest of the Park, in design, was, however, practically interfered with by cutting Girard avenue through the Park to communicate with the bridge, and this difficulty has not yet been overcome. Doubtless bridges will have to be thrown over the cut, but we presume that nothing will be done at this until the improvement of the rest of the Park shall be more advanced.

Extent of the Park.

The superficial area of the Park is about one hundred and ten acres. Its length is some two miles, and its average breadth about a quarter of a mile. For such an area it has a greater diversity of landscape than can be found anywhere else in the United States. It extends in a diagonal line from Callowhill to Master street.

Proposed Extensions of the Park.

These are three in number, to wit:—1. It is proposed to purchase all the property lying between Coates street, Landing avenue and Lemon Hill and the Reading railroad, clear away the buildings, and add it to the Park, so as to stop the drainage of this district running into the forebay from which we obtain our hydrant-water. A bill providing for this purchase was passed by the City Councils, but vetoed by Mayor Henry. The cost would be about three hundred thousand dollars, and it would perfect the union of the two grand divisions of the Park. 2. It is proposed, but has never been acted on, to purchase all the ground bordering the east bank of the river from Sedgely to South Laurel Hill, so as to keep factories, breweries, &c., from the river. 3. With the same view, it is proposed to purchase and add to the Park all the land on the west bank of the river, from the Wire Bridge up to Susquehanna avenue. These purchases would clear both banks of the river of ice-houses and breweries, and would necessitate a change of the name of the Park to Schuylkill Heights. They would extend the Park over the celebrated estates known as Solitude, Egglesfield, Sweetbriar, Strawberry, Belmont, and Edgely, and make it in all respects the most splendid, picturesque and attractive resort in the United States. It would not cost us, all told, a million dollars for the purchase of the ground, and would be well worth thrice that amount to us in the preservation of the purity of the Schuylkill water. It would give us a greater length of drives and footpaths, and a greater variety of scenery, than can be found in any other park in the country, and would attract thither thousands of strangers from all parts of the country to visit it, far beyond what we at present have any knowledge of.

Divisions of the Park.

Properly there are three distinct sections of the Park, Fairmount, Lemon Hill and Sedgely. Of these the two first are thoroughly improved; the other is not. The improvement of Fairmount may be regarded as about complete, and this section is now one of the most perfect specimens of landscape gardening the neighborhood of the city can produce. Since consolidation the improvements in this section have been pushed forward most energetically by Chief Engineer Birkinbine, and have made a surprising change in the aspect of things. There remains nothing to be done except the finishing off of the water edges. The shady groves and cooling fountains on both sides of the mount are very tastefully arranged. But the great features of this section are the cliffs, with their wild vines and still wilder looking trees springing up from the clefts of the rocks. However the new portions of the Park may be improved, none of them can equal Fairmount itself in beauty; and it will doubtless long continue to be the principal theme of admiration for all who visit the Park. Pictures hitherto have done it but scant justice. The painter hereafter may succeed better, but thus far none has begun to equal the natural scene.

The improvements at Lemon Hill, however, we must admit, have developed a natural loveliness of landscape for which we were not prepared. This eminence differs from Fairmount in its gradually swelling outline, which admits of terrace gardens, rolling lawns, groves, glens, ravines, promontories, dales and water paths. It is here that the art of the landscape gardener has achieved its most recent and greatest triumphs, and this is the grand resort for carriages, equestrians, ball play, boat clubs and skaters. In this park, too, will be found a greater variety of trees, shrubs and flowers, native and exotic, and all well grown and quite flourishing.

Sedgely is still in its wild state, the hand of improvement not having yet reached it. In its original state it was one of the wildest, most picturesque and delightful scenes in the whole neighborhood of Philadelphia. At present it is a neglected waste, and though nothing can entirely destroy its natural beauty, it is melancholy to survey the wreck that has been left to us. When, however, we call to mind the ruin wrought at Lemon Hill by rum and rowdyism, and compare it with the change since made, we have high hopes of Sedgely when Councils shall, in a more liberal spirit, see proper to enter upon the improvement. It will take but a limited amount of money to make the improvement; and the mystery is why the City Councils hesitate, when public sentiment so largely favors the movement.

Fountains in the Park.

More than ordinary attention has been given to the distribution of fountains throughout the Park, as the following statement of the number will show:

1. Dolphin and cupid fountain, near Callowhill street, entrance gate, so called from a marble group of a dolphin mounting a cupid on his back, which forms the centre piece.

2. Drinking fountain at the marble statue of Diana the huntress, near the forebay.

3. Rock fountain, at the statue of the nymph upholding a swan. This is decidedly the most picturesque and effective fountain in the whole Park.

4. The umbrella fountain and cascade on the north side of Fairmount, a very ingenious arrangement which attracts much attention.

5. The fountain near Green street gate, a large and well-arranged one—and quite popular.

6. The fountain in the glen, at the foot of Lemon Hill, where the fish-pond was formerly located, during Mr. Pratt's residence.

7. The marble drinking fountain at the beginning of the path leading to the glen.

8. The fountain in the ravine, near the Skater's Pavilion, a secluded and delightful spot.

9. The chalybeate spring in the glen. The waters of this well are as medicinal and healthful as any in the country. It has become an immensely popular resort.

10. The new chalybeate fountain at Spring-Garden Water Works. The waters of this fountain are as strongly impregnated with iron as those of the other spring, and are just as well worth visiting, though less accessible.

Observatories in the Park.

Considerable attention has been paid to the establishment of observatories and look-outs from which good views might be obtained. These may be specified as follows:

1. The Stone Tower, over the new ascending main at Fairmount. The view from this is truly magnificent, especially in the shade of evening, though fine at all times. The whole of the north side lies spread out below like a map, with carriages driving along, equestrians dashing through the groves of trees, and pedestrians lounging in the by paths.

2. The Lovers' Bower, on the cliffs at Fairmount about midway of the ascent to the reservoir. This has long been a famous resort, and is now much improved. It commands a splendid view of the old grounds of Fairmount, and in summer the music below sounds delightfully there.

3. Pavilion on the Mound Dam. This stands away out in the river so far as to be always cool and breezy, and is a fine place for all who would see the whole river and gaze down at the descending floods, or look at the fishermen on the rocks below.

4. Pavilion on the promontory, the first rocky height above Fairmount. This spot is admirably selected for a look-out, and commands a grand survey of all the regattas and sports of the river. In winter it is equally good as a look-out over the skaters below.

5. Pavilion on the lawn beyond Lemon Hill mansion, a quiet place to listen to the music of the band at the mansion, and to look at the equipages and equestrians.

Drives in the Park.

These may be considered at present as five in number, as follows:

1. Grand drive from Green street gate. This traverses the whole of the Park accessible to carriages. It is reached also through a very pleasant part of the city.

2. Drive from Landing avenue gate. This enters the glen at once, and passing by the cricket ground, runs all through the Lemon Hill estate.

3. River drive. Properly speaking, this forms part of the first drive, but it is a distinct feature of the park, skirting the river margin, as it does from Fairmount to Sedgely.

4. Drive on the Heights. This, also, though part of the other drives, is a distinct feature. It skirts the river, but on the crest of the heights, and affords a grand view of the scenery all around.

Footpaths in the Park.

For pedestrians desiring to see the beauties of the Park, (and it must be observed that some of them can only be seen on foot,) there are six different beginnings or routes of exploration to which we ask attention:

1. From Callowhill street gate through Fairmount grounds and up the hillside paths. This leads by some of the finest features of the Park.

2. From Green street gate through the new grounds on the north side of Fairmount, up the hillside paths to the stone tower, and down again by the rocky path to the mound dam.

3. From Coates street gate through the new purchase, and by the river margin to Sedgely. This commands the whole stretch of the river.

4. From Landing avenue gate up the hillside paths through the terrace gardens, and so on to the pavilion on the promontory.

5. From Brown street gate through the glen to the cricket grounds and thence to the fort.

6. From Girard avenue through Sedgely.

Boats and Skaters at the Park.

Two handsome floating boat houses have been erected at the new purchase between Fairmount and Lemon Hill, where boats may be hired at all hours. These are light, graceful skiffs, cut-riggers, and skeleton boats with pleasant names, and the river is constantly dotted with them. In addition to these there are many boat clubs bearing the names Bachelors', Pacific, University, &c., all having boat houses at the river margin of the Park. Of these the Bachelors' and Pacific Clubs have erected very tasteful and costly brown-stone houses, characterized by much architectural beauty. The other clubs will all build in as good style in due time. The first story of the Skaters' Pavilion, a large and neat stone structure, is also occupied by boat clubs. These craft are commanded by a commodore, and have stated reviews and regattas. They are mostly out on the river in the afternoon from five to seven o'clock, and make quite an agreeable show. Their row is up to the Falls and back. The boats are long, slender, fleet craft, and the men wear a fixed uniform peculiar to each club.

The Skaters' Pavilion, erected by the Skaters' Club, affords a grand view of the river in winter, and is the headquarters of the skaking on that stream. The club comprehends the best skaters in the United States.

Artificial Features of the Park.

Of course these are numerous, and it would require too much space to specify or describe them. Our purpose under this head is merely to call attention to a few things which illustrate the effect of judicious arrangement.

1. The Terrace Gardens on the east side of Lemon Hill. When this portion of the Park was a private estate these terrace gardens were the pride of the place, and bloomed with all the beauty that the art of the gardener could bestow upon them. The conservatory having been removed, no hot house plants are now to be seen in these gardens, but the walks, the shrubbery, the embowering shades are all lovely enough. Each terrace has a distinct plan, but the whole blend together in harmony, so that the stroll through them is delightful.

2. The Hemlock Walk and Exotic Circle. Starting from the rear of the old mansion house on Lemon Hill, the pedestrian will find a path leading between a double row of lofty hemlocks in a curved line to a circle of exotic trees on the heights near the river. In this circle formerly stood a secluded pavilion. The trees are all still very fine and are much frequented by strollers.

These will sufficiently indicate to the public generally to what an extent the present beauty of the Park is the work of art, many persons being under the impression that nature alone has been the artist, when in point of fact it is the exceeding skill of art that has concealed all appearance of labored effect.

Natural Features of the Park.

As contradistinguished from these, there are some features which no art could conceal or mar, and of these a few specimens will illustrate how nature has vied with art in rendering this resort beautiful.

1. The cliffs at Fairmount. These rugged rocks, embrowned by exposure or green with moss, ferns, and lichens, are too well known to need description. Lofty trees have rooted themselves in the clefts and rifts of the rocks below the cliffs, and clambering vines struggle everywhere for life and sunshine.

2. Schuylkill Heights. These skirt the whole range of the Lemon Hill and Sedgely estates, and are diversified with every shape of beetling crag and precipice, the hollows between being dense thickets of trees and shrubbery, through which the hand of art has laid out winding paths for strollers.

Distribution of Effects.

The peculiar glory of the Park is the admirable arrangement of shade. Trees flourish wonderfully in this rich soil, and good care has been taken to provide well everywhere, not only for shelter from the heat of the sun, but for the proper arrangement of light and effect. In the oldest part of Fairmount the shade is a little too dense, and the trees might be judiciously thinned out so as to provide some sort of chance for the grass to thrive. In midsummer, when the shade is thickest, no ray of sunshine ever penetrates to the grass. In the glen where the chalybeate spring is located this seems appropriate enough.

In the variety of trees and shrubs the Park is a real museum of botany. Both native and exotic trees and plants appear to thrive remarkably in all parts of the grounds.

For much of the information embodied in this article we are indebted to the present able Commissioner of City Property, Mr. Charles Dixey, from whom also we obtain the subjoined statement of the appropriations to the Park during the past five years:

Year.	Regular.	Additional.
1861,	$12,000	——
1862,	10,000	$10,000
1863,	10,000	8,000
1864,	10,000	10,000
1865,	20,000	8,000
Totals,	$62,000	36,000
	36,000	
Aggregate,	$98,000	

When we contrast this with the amount of work done, we are impressed with the belief that the management is excellent, and that in a few years the improvement will be completed.—*North American.*

☞ The ruins of a very ancient aboriginal city have been discovered in the forests of Jicorumbo of Huachinango, in Province Llaxcala, Mexico. The temples are of immense size; some with vaulted roofs, and so well preserved that ancient paintings appear fresh. Courts are filled with hideous and grotesque idols and pyramids surmounted by the same. The whole is enveloped in a dense forest of cedar and ebony trees. Some of these cedars are of such immense size that eight men, locking hands together, could not reach round one of them. These forests are on healthy table lands, about fifty miles from port of Tuspan.

☞ A philosophical cabman in Mobile, thus speaks of the section over which his wheels make their tracks:—"If you run over a youngster down here in this here ward," said he, "the folks' don't say nothin'—kase they have got more children than wittles for 'em—but you just run over a goat, or a kid, or a sow, or pig, and blest if a mob ain't arter you in two minits!"

☞ Daniel Andress, postmaster at Glencoe, Missouri, recently committed suicide. He left a confession, stating that he murdered and robbed a returned Californian of $10,000; murdered two of his own children; attempted to kill his wife; and had robbed the mails ever since he had been postmaster.

☞ The amusement of a picnic party in the environs of Rome was recently somewhat disturbed by a patrol of gendarmes, who informed them that the brigands were lurking about, and had just killed a young farmer who could not furnish 2,000 scudi ransom.

☞ Coleridge, in one of the most beautiful of similies, illustrates the pregnant truth that the more we know, the greater is our thirst for knowledge, and the more we love, the more instinctive our sympathy: "The water-lily, in the midst of waters, opens its leaves and expands its petals, at the first pattering of the shower; and rejoices in the rain-drops with a quicker sympathy than the parched shrub in the sandy desert."

☞ An arrangement for taking mail bags from stations while trains are moving at full speed has been invented by a mail agent on the Chicago and North-western Railroad. Numerous trials prove it a success.

☞ Men are often accused of pride because their accusers would be proud if they themselves were in their places.

☞ The greatest of genius can come *en rapport* with only a limited number of minds. There are myriad spheres of life and thought where their splendor is powerless to enter; yet ambition would have the whole universe to itself alone.

☞ The richest men of Providence, R. I., are C. Allen, whose income is $500,000, and Geo. M. Richmond, $614,615.

☞ It is estimated that at least 100,000 emigrants will go South from the Northern states this year.

☞ Judge Thos. C. Haliburton (Sam Slick) died recently in England, aged 62.

☞ Business prospects at Jacksonville, Fla., are greatly improved.

☞ During the war Pennsylvania furnished the Government 479,439 soldiers.

☞ Gen. Dent, brother-in-law of Gen. Grant, has been placed in command of the garrison of Washington, numbering 3,000 men.

☞ Duryea's Zouaves of New York, long continued in Charleston on account of difficulties with the negroes, have been honorably discharged.

☞ An exchange says:—"A cat in Titusville has given birth to a litter of four kittens, which are joined together at the back and sides in such a manner that when two of them are walking, the other two are on their backs with their feet sticking up. They are doing well, and will most likely be sent to Barnum.

SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY VERNET.

The Sea-Lion.

I have an idea that the setting up of a scientific standard in such scraps of natural history as I am able to afford—occupying quite half the space allotted to an entire sketch with *orders*, classes, families, *genus*, variety, and quotations, would neither amuse or particularly instruct the majority of such as may chance to read them.

Plain English talk for all degrees of intelligence being our established principle in such fashion let us discuss the Sea-Lion.

It must have been from sheer courtesy that the animal was christened thus, as in reality he is no more like a lion than he is like the Leviathan of the Book of Job—perhaps not so much so.

The Pacific range of the Sea-Lion is a very wide one, both latitude and longitudinal, extending from the cold, dismal—always wintry regions of Cape Horn, down through the tropics, and far north, almost to the Arctic Circle, though the animal more affects and most abounds in the temperate parallels between the two extremes of heat and cold.

In the majority of the archipelagoes and extensive island groups of the South Pacific the Sea-Lion has his haunts, and also among the Philipines, Ladrones, and Magellan's Archipelago of the North Pacific.

Comparatively at the present time there are very few Sea-Lions to be found along the West Coast of America, though at an earlier period they must have abounded in vast numbers, even under the tropics, as in the vast guano deposits at the Chinchas and Lobos Islands on the Coast of Peru their bones are found in profusion, scattered all through the hills of bird manure, from their summit to the base—always most numerous towards the bottom of the accumulations, which at some points are more than seventy feet in depth, and must have required many hundreds of years to build up.

Among the extensive archipelagoes, bays, and estuaries along the west coast of Patagonia, between the Strait of Magellan and the great Island of Chiloe, there are at the present day a good many Marine Lions—some of them famous old fellows—the finest specimens of the animals perhaps that can be found anywhere in the world. Now and then a small party of lions—families, probably, may be found all along the coast, from Chile to the Equator, and sometimes an old veteran is seen within the most frequented harbors, right in among the thickest of the shipping, quite careless of the proximity of man, sporting and pursuing their prey.

In his general structure, the Sea-Lion does not differ essentially from the fur seal, and his habits are as near like that animal's as are his anatomical features. But he is a great deal larger, more formidable fellow than any variety of the seal. I have heard some tough stories told of the combative ferocity of the Sea-Lion, but having seen a good deal of the animal under almost all conditions in which he is ever likely to be encountered, I am not prepared to believe that a Sea-Lion ever attacked a man either in or out of the water, except in the defence of his whelps.

The full-grown Lion of the best breed I have seen will measure about twelve feet in length, and in girth round what would be the shoulders, if they were a quadruped, perhaps eight feet, with a gradual regular diminish towards the flat, flaby tail. The neck is long, thick, and as round as a perfect cylinder, the head firmly set on, is large in proportion to the size of the animal, in shape very like that of a pure blood bull-dog, with very strong jaws and formidable teeth, in construction so nearly like a dog's that the bare jaws of an ordinary sized lion might readily be mistaken by even an expert naturalist. The ears are small, round, and erect, and the eyes large and prominent in size, and in position like those of a horse, and very nearly black in color. The two legs, or rather "flippers," are placed wide apart, with broad shoulder blades, and are set further back from the juncture of the neck with the body than in any other of the seal family.

The color of the Sea-Lion varies somewhat with the climate, he being darker, and the fur finer in very cold regions. Along the back he is a dark brown, growing into a yellowish snuff color down the sides and underneath, while about the eyes and muzzle he is almost black.

The diet of the Sea-Lion is fish exclusively, which, as he swims very rapidly, he often fairly runs down in full chase. The lioness brings forth two whelps at a birth, which are blind until the ninth day like the land canines, and are nursed by the dam until the fifth month, their favorite haunts for breeding being in some hidden cove out of the way of observation. The Sea-Lion is an exceedingly awkward pedestrian, but nevertheless he does manage to wallow his way up on to flat, inclined surfaces, and sometimes to considerable elevations and distances from the water.

There are some of the droll antics of the animal at times that if truthfully described would, I think, be really amusing, and perhaps instructive.

☞ Two friends were listening to a young preacher, whose sermon was made up of unacknowledged plagiarisms. They did little else than nudge each other as one amazing crib succeeded another, until one whispered, "Look at him! I declare his very whiskers are curving into *inverted commas*, and his face looks one *entire quotation*."

☞ Literature is mostly the result of privation—of a confusion of spheres. Surround every genius with the audience most sympathetic with him, and he would never seclude himself to write, but would pour fourth his thoughts in "winged words" alone. Now, however, finding himself in solitude, the only way to reach his audience, "fit though few," and scattered through the ages, is by letters.

☞ An old divine used to bring, as his first proof of the comfortable doctrine of native depravity, that "all children eat green apples." He might have adduced as his second proof, the fact that they will steal them whenever they get a chance.

☞ At Washington, recently, in the same court in which Miss Harris was acquitted for shooting Burroughs, a man was tried for stabbing a woman who broke her promise to marry him—was found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment for eight years.

☞ Pork takes the lead on the income tax in St. Louis. A pork-packer heads the list with $400,000, and two others follow with $200,000 each.

How Milton Spent the Day.

At his meals he never took much wine, or any other fermented liquor. Although not fastidious in his food, yet his taste seems to have been delicate and refined, like his other senses, and he had a preference for such viands as were of an agreeable flavor. In his early years he used to sit up late at his studies, but in his later years he retired every night at nine o'clock, and lay till four in the summer and five in winter. If not then disposed to rise, he had some one to sit at his bedside and read to him. When he rose he had a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read for him, and then after breakfast, studied till twelve. He then dined, took some exercise, for an hour, generally in a chair in which he used to swing himself, and afterwards played on the organ or bass viol, and either sung himself, or requested his wife to sing, who, as he said, had a good voice, but no ear. He then resumed his studies until six, from which hour till eight he conversed with all who came to visit him. He finally took a light supper, smoked a pipe of tobacco, and drank a glass of water; and after he retired to rest. Like many other poets, Milton found the stillness, warmth and recumbency of bed favorable to composition; and his wife said, before rising of a morning, he often dictated to her twenty or thirty verses. A favorite position of his, when dictating his verses, we are told, was that of sitting with one of his legs over an arm of his chair. His wife related that he used to compose chiefly in winter.

THE MOTHER OF A MURDERED SON AND THE MURDERER.—This incident is told by the Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal:

"Yesterday, as Wirtz was on his way from the court-room to the Old Capitol, a respectably dressed lady, between fifty and sixty years old, who had been waiting for the opportunity, asked the guard if that was the Andersonville butcher? On receiving an affirmative, she, in a frenzy of passion, endeavored to strike Wirtz with her umbrella, saying: 'You wretch! you butcher! you murdered my son at Andersonville!' Failing to reach him, she seized a brick and implored the guard to let her get at him. She was with some difficulty restrained, and the prisoner conveyed to his quarters. It seems that the old lady was an Ohio widow, who had come on here to get the back pay of her sons, all of whom have belonged to the army. One was killed in battle, one murdered at Andersonville, another rendered hopelessly insane by his sufferings in the same slaughter-pen, and one only returned to his home at the close of the war."

☞ HE WAS GOOD FOR THEM.—Professor W——, of ——— University, is something of a wag, and the boys seldom get the start of him in the way of practical joke. One day, going into the recitation room, Freshman class present, he found a sheep sitting tied in a chair. His sole remark, addressed politely to the sheep, "How are you, Freshman?" rather turned the joke on the boys. Similarly, when, at another time, opening his desk, a goose flew out, "Aha, gentlemen! another class-mate, I see!"

☞ The quarters of Jefferson Davis are to be changed. He is no longer to occupy a casemate, but will be confined in Carroll Hall, at Fortress Monroe.

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THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market is dull. Sales 9,000 bbls, partly to the trade, at $7@8 for superfine, $8,25@8,75 for extras, $9@10,50 for extra family, and $11@13 for fancy brands. Rye Flour—Sales at $6@6,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly. Sales 30,000 bushels Wheat at $2,05@2,10 for new reds, $2,10@2,25 for common to prime old do, the latter for amber, and $2,35@2,50 for common to prime white. Rye is selling at 95c@1,10 for Southern and Pennsylvania. Corn—About 35,000 bushels found buyers at 93@92c for yellow, 92@90c for western mixed, and 95c for prime white. Oats—Sales 40,000 bush new Southern at 43@46c for common and prime.

PROVISIONS—The stocks of all kinds are very much reduced, with a small business to note in Mess Pork at $33@34, and Beef, in lots, at $11@10 for country and city Mess. Bacon moves off slowly at 27@30c for plain and fancy Hams, and 15@18½c for Shoulders. Of green Meats the sales are light at 16½@17c for Shoulders in salt, and 21@23c for Hams in salt and pickle. Lard; sales of prime Western tierce at 25@27c. Butter; sales of Western and Penna packed at 25@28c. Cheese is selling at 15@17c. Eggs are worth 27c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market is more active; and sales reach about 900 bales at 44@46c for middlings.

BARK is more active; sales 100 hhds Quercitron at $32½ for first No 1.

BEESWAX is selling at 50@51c ₩ lb.

COAL.—The market active and firm. Prices range at $8@9 ₩ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is firmer. Sales 600 bags Rio and Laguayra, mostly of the latter, at 21@22c, and 21 Domingo at 18½c. gold.

FEATHERS—Sales at 95@100c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are mostly confined to Peaches at $1@3 ₩ basket.

HOPS are selling at 38@60c for new, and 35@40c for old, as in quality.

IRON continues firm; sales 1800 tons Anthracite Pig at $40@46 for Forge and Foundry, the latter for good No 1.

LUMBER is active, ranging at $26@28 for White Pine, $23@24 for Yellow Pine, $18@19 for Lehigh Hemlock Boards, $13@14 for rafted Hemlock, and $27@29 ₩ M for White Pine Shingles.

MOLASSES is firm. A cargo of Cuba sold at 44c; one of Muscovado at 60c, and 100 hhds Porto Rico at 77@80c, on time.

OILS—Petroleum; sales 10,000 bbls at 56½@58½c. Free is held at 77@80c. Crude is selling at 32@33c ₩ gallon.

PLASTER is firm at $3½ ₩ ton.

RICE—The market is steady at 11½@12c for Carolina, and 9½@9¾ for Rangoon.

SEEDS—There is more Clover seed arriving, with sales at $7,50@8,50; Timothy—1500 bus sold at $5@6,25 ₩ bus; Flaxseed is taken at $2,25@3,30 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is selling at $2,35. Whiskey is moderately active at $2,20@2,30 for Pennsylvania and Western.

SUGARS are firmer. Sales of 900 hhds, mostly Cuba, part at 9½@10c, gold, and part at 13½@14½c, currency, latter for Porto Rico.

TALLOW—Sales are reported at 15@15½c.

WOOL.—The market is firm but quiet; sales reach about 200,000 lbs, in lots, at 65@75c for common and fine fleece, and 70@75c for tub. Yarns sell at $1,15 ₩ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from $11 to 13,00 ₩ 100 lbs. 1800 Hogs at from $16½ to 17,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 7 to 7½ cts ₩ lb. 125 Cows brought from $30 to 70 ₩ head.

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HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

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SABRE CUTS, GUNSHOT WOUNDS, and all other kinds of wounds, also sores, ulcers and scurvy, heal safely and quickly under the soothing influence of HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT. It heals to the bone, so that the wound never opens again. Soldiers, supply yourselves. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,15. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, before Alexander Henry, Mayor of Philadelphia, DAVID J. BROWN, of this city, to ANNA M., only daughter of Thos. Headly, of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Daniel Washburne, HARPER P SMITH to Miss GRACE A. MANN, daughter of the late John Mann, both of this city.

On the 6th of Sept., 1865, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JAMES REILLY to Miss EMMA SIMS, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. THEODORE CRAMP to Miss MARY E., daughter of the late A. J. Wester, Esq., both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. HENRY FREUND to Miss ELLIE CLOTHIER, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. W. W. Barr, Mr. JOHN KINNEY, of Rhode Island, to Miss MARY NICHOLSON, of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Dani. March, Mr. HARRY HARRISON to Miss LIZZIE, daughter of R. J. Hincken, Esq., both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, MARY, wife of D. H. Cummins.

On 22d-day, 11th instant, AMOS GEORGE, aged 75 years.

On the 12th instant, ROBERT H. WHITE, aged 44 years.

On the 11th instant, WILLIAM STRETCH, in his 37th year.

On the 10th instant, MRS. ANN LEON, in her 85th year.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH M. LEIDY, in her 40th year.

On the 9th instant, JOHN DAVIS, in his 59th year.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. JANE E. BECK, in her 44th year.

On the 9th instant, SARAH ANN, wife of Wm. Solly, aged 43 years.

On the 8th instant, Capt. GEORGE HISSERD, aged 61 years.

On the 8th instant, DANIEL S. DAVIS, in his 60th year.

On the 9th instant, JOHN G. COOKES, in his 76th year.

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

"CATCHING THE BUTTERFLY" is the leading steel engraving of the SEPTEMBER number of this favorite periodical—and a very pretty picture it is. It will remind many of the days of their childhood, when they roamed about catching butterflies—and some perhaps may think sadly that since they have grown to riper years, they have been engaged in nothing much more important than trying to catch such other butterflies as wealth and pleasure and fame. The steel fashioned plate for this number is as handsome as usual, and the sporting dress in it something a little peculiar. We suppose it is the way that the Empress Eugenie and her ladies dress, when on their sporting excursions. "Looking for Father," is a pretty wood engraving. Then we have engravings of a Lace Jacket, Mode of Dressing the Hair, a Bridal Coiffure, In-door Cap, &c., &c. We quote the

LIST OF CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

STEEL PLATE.—Catching the Butterfly.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
"Looking for Father."—Lace Jacket, (front view.)—Name in Satin-stitch.—Lace Jacket, (back view.)—Insertion.—Mode of Dressing the Hair.—Collar.
MUSIC—President Johnson's Grand March.
CHERRY LAWN. By HATTIE HAMMOND.
LOVE'S IDOLATRY. By Mrs. A. V. B.
PAROLED. By ADDIE E. SUTTON.
TITIAN VERCELLI.
LOOKING BEYOND. By CLARA AUGUSTA.
TO CLARE. By M.
MRS. MELENDY'S MATCH. By FRANCES LEE.
THE VILLAGE BEAUTY AND THE CITY BELLE. By Mrs. E.M. RUSSELL.
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Our race are subject to a redundancy of vitiated bile at this season, and it is as dangerous as it is prevalent; but Brandreth's Pills afford an invaluable and efficient protection. By their occasional use we prevent the collection of those impurities, which, when in sufficient quantities, cause so much danger to the body's health. They soon cure liver complaint, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, pain in the head, heart-burn, pain in the breast-bone, sudden faintness and costiveness.

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Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 233 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. sep23-2teow

TO DIE IN A BAD CAUSE

as those who fall in the rebel ranks undoubtedly do, is foolish. But on the other hand

DYEING FOR A GOOD CAUSE

as those who are wise and prudent enough to remedy the defects of nature with

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

are doing every day, in every city of the Union, is eminently praiseworthy. This peaceful revolution is going on throughout the whole land, and thus beauty and harmony supplant homeliness and incongruity.

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Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The "Berner's Street Hoax."

The maddest of Theodore Hook's tricks was that known as the "Berner's Street Hoax," which happened in 1809, as follows:

Walking down Berner's street one day, Hook's companion (probably Mathews) called his attention to a particularly neat and modest house—the residence—as was inferred from the door plate—of some decent shopkeeper's widow. "I'll lay you a guinea," said Theodore, "that in one week that pleasant, peaceable dwelling shall be the most famous in all London." The bet was taken, and in the course of four or five days, Hook had written and posted one thousand letters, annexing orders to tradesmen of every sort within the bills of mortality, all to be executed in one particular day, and as nearly as possible at one fixed hour.

From "wagons of coals and potatoes, to books, prints, ices, feathers, jellies, and cranberry tarts," nothing in any way available to any human being but was commanded from scores of rival dealers, scattered all over the city, from Wapping to Lambeth, from Whitechapel to Paddington. It can only be feebly imagined what the crash, and jam, and tumult of that day was. Hook had provided himself with a lodging nearly opposite the fated house, where, with a a couple of trusty allies, he watched the progress of the melodrama. The Mayor and his chaplain arrived—invited there to take the death-bed confession of a speculating common-councilmen. There also came the Governor of the Bank, the Chairman of the East India Company, the Lord Chief Justice and the Prime Minister—above all, there came his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief. These all obey the summons, for every pious and patriotic feeling had been most movingly appealed to.

They could not all reach Berner's street, however,—the avenues leading to it being jammed up by the drays, carts and carriages, all pressing on the solitary's widow's house; but certainly the Duke of York's military punctuality and crimson liveries brought him to the point of attack before the poor woman's astonishment had risen to terror and despair. Most fierce were the growlings of doctors and surgeons, scores of whom had been cheated of valuable hours.

Attorneys, teachers of every kind, male and female, hair-dressers, tailors, popular preachers, Parliamentary Philanthropists had been all alike victimized. There was an awful smashing of glass, china, harpsichords, coach-pannels. Many a horse fell never to rise again. Beer-barrels and wine-barrels were overturned and exhausted with impunity amidst the press of countless multitudes. It was a great day for the pick-pockets, and a great godsend to the newspapers.

Then arose many a fervent hue and cry for the detection of the wholesale deceiver and destroyer. Though in Hook's own theatrical world he was instantly suspected, no sign escaped either him or his confidants. He found it convenient to be laid up a week or two by a severe fit of illness, and then promoted reconvalescence by a few weeks country tour. He re-visited Oxford, and professed an intention of commencing his residence there. But the storm blew over, and Hook returned with tranquillity to the green-room.

A PALPABLE HIT BY GEN. GRANT.—During the siege of Vicksburg, a knot of officers gathered around Gen. Grant, and for want of better employment amused themselves by guessing the ages of prominent officers. Among the rest they discussed Gen. McClernand, who was absent at the time, but whose consequential airs were notorious, and whose differences with Gen. Grant were equally well known. One guessed that he was about fifty years of age. "Oh! no," said Gen. Grant, "such a man was never got up in *fifty years!*" The hit was too palpable not to arouse the boisterous merriment of all around.

A PARISIAN lately hired a house at Argenteuil, in order to make it a wine-shop during the annual fair. Hour after hour passed, and not a customer. "Very odd," observed Mercator—if, indeed he can be Mercator who does no business. "Very strange," observed madame. "Why, papa," says son and heir; "everybody looks in, but nobody comes in." It turned out that the unfortunate speculator had hired an old "office," outside of which was painted in official characters, "The public is expressly forbidden to enter this house."

A MATRIMONIAL TRAP.—An ingenious bachelor in Scotland, has devised a matrimonial lottery or trap, whereof he is the bait. All widows and maidens who have not attained the age of thirty-two are invited to buy of him a ticket at the price of ten shillings. After three hundred tickets are sold, the drawing will take place. There will be only one prize, and it will be the right of the fortunate young lady who wins it to claim the young gentleman for her husband, with the £150 produced by the lottery.

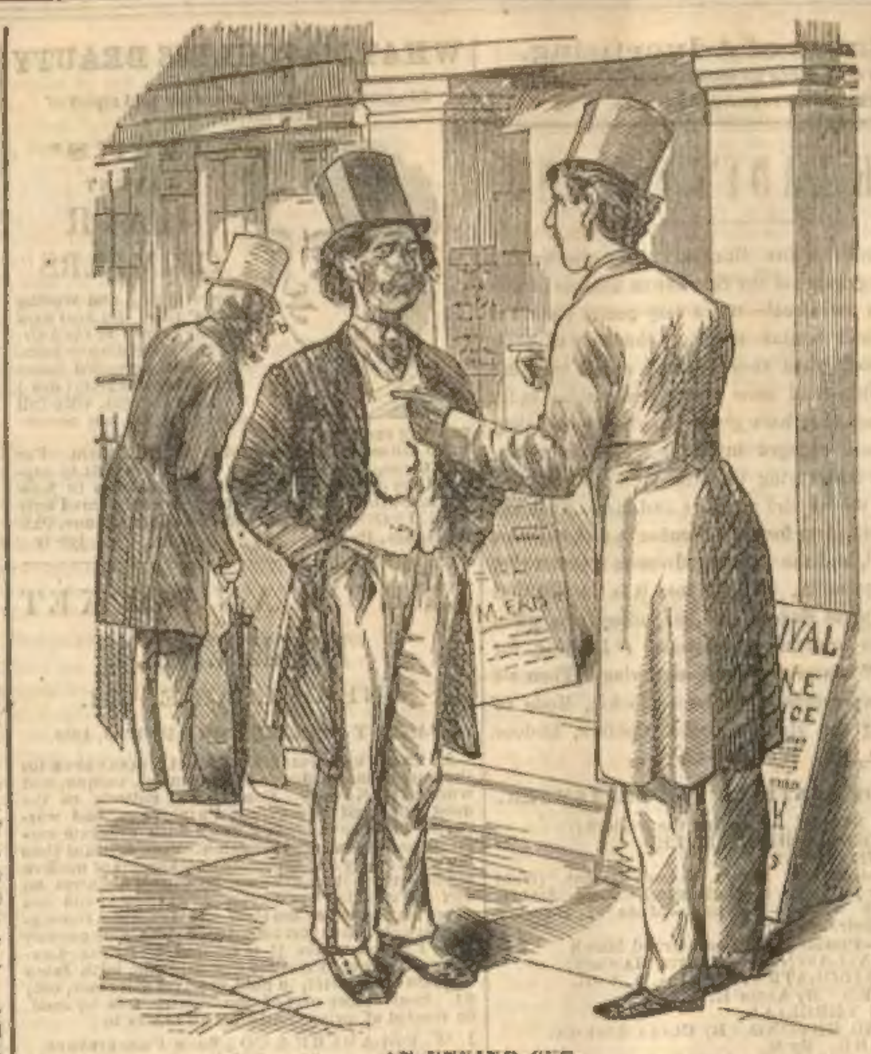
A "GREEN" ISLANDER.—In a criminal court, the counsel, dissatisfied with his want of success with an Irish witness, complained to the court. Paddy replied—"Sure, an' I'm no lawyer, yer honor; and the spalpane only wants to puzzle me." "Come, now, do you swear you are no lawyer?" said the counsel. "Faix, an' I do; and yez may swear the same about yoursel, too, without fear of perjury."

THE BEST PLACE FOR IT.—"Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said a gentleman to a talkative person who was sitting near him at dinner, and who was constantly suiting the action to the word. "Indeed, sir," replied the gabbler, "we are so crowded at the table that I do not know where to put my hand." "Put it in your mouth," said the other.

FIRE FIGURE OF SPEECH.—There is a Methodist preacher out West whose praise is thus sounded by a contemporary: "I have repeatedly heard the most famous men in America, but there are times when the flame of his pathos licks the everlasting hills with a roar that moves your soul to depths fathomed by few other men!"

HEIRSHIP.—An Irish dragoon officer, on hearing that his widowed mother had married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed, "Murther! I hope she won't have a child older than me; if she does, I shall lose the estate."

THE coats of the Irish reapers have been described as "a parcel of holes sown together."



AN UNKIND CUT.

AMATEUR.—"It was very kind of you to come to our performance the other night; but what did you think of my *Hamlet?* Pretty good?"

PROFESSIONAL (feigning ecstasy).—"Oh, my dear fellow, 'pon my word you know,—really I assure you, good's not the word!"

Who Is Impunity?

During the epidemic fever of 1853, a well-to-do planter in a certain region of Mississippi, used to send down his cotton by his trusty slaves, without venturing into the "city"—about fifty-five houses!—himself. After a short experience, however, he fancied that his factor was taking advantage of circumstances, and determined to go down and look after the next wagon-load *in propria persona*. He was not a little afraid, however, of "Yellow Jack—and "small blame to him"—and so he resolved on first consulting with a friend, as to the propriety of his venturing into the epidemic-infested locality.

"Do you think," said he, "I can go to —— with safety? No fear of the fever?"

"Oh, no!" responded his friend, "you can go there, and stay as long as you please with impunity."

"Ah, ah!" replied our friend, I am glad you have told me that, I have long been dissatisfied with ——'s and ——'s: but I did not know there was any other place where a fellow could put up at. Now you have told me, however, dog on it, if I don't try Impunity's. *What is it?*"

SECTARIAN BIAS.—"My friends," said a returned missionary, at one of the anniversary meetings, "let us avoid sectarian bitterness. The inhabitants of Hindostan, where I have been laboring for many years, have a proverb that, 'though you bathe a dog's tail in oil and bind it in splinters, you cannot get the *crook* out of it.' Now, a man's sectarian bias is simply the crook in the dog's tail, which cannot be eradicated; and I hold that each one should be allowed to *wag his own peculiarity in peace!*" [Great laughter and applause.]

MAN A VERB.—A parochial teacher, who delights in calling forth the thinking powers of his pupils, asked a member of one of his younger classes to give him an example of a verb. "*Man*," replied the boy, quite readily. "How so, my child?" inquired his master. "Because," added the little philosopher, "a verb expresses *being, doing, suffering;* and if that be true, *man* is the greatest verb I know, for he unites the whole three."

A CLERGYMAN of Saratoga Springs, a few Sundays since, was preaching a sermon upon death, in the course of which he asked the question, "Is it not a solemn thought?" His little boy, four years old, who had been listening with rapt attention to his father, immediately answered, in a shrill, piping voice, so as to be heard throughout the house, "Yes, sir, it is," greatly to the amusement of the congregation.

PAINFUL PARER.—An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom, who was standing by, began joking him, telling him to mind and put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor by, "Arrah now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in yer head widout any putty."

A HUSBAND complained of his wife before a magistrate for assault and battery, and it appeared in evidence that he had pushed the door against her, and she in turn had pushed it against him; whereupon the counsel for the defendant said that he could see no impropriety in a husband and wife *adoring* each other.

AN EQUIVOCATION.—A diminutive attorney, named Else, once asked Jekyll, "Sir, I hear you called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so, sir?" "No, sir," said Jekyll, with a look of contempt. "I never said you were a pettifogger or scoundrel; but I did say you were *little Else*."

A RICHMOND lady, who affects great learning and classicalness of speech, but whose knowledge of language is rather limited, in speaking recently of "Macaulay's History of England," said, "It was very spirited and classical in style—but rather too *ad claptrapandum*."

A LITTLE girl, after returning from church, where she saw a collection taken up for the first time, related what took place, and among other things she said, with all her childish innocence, "that a man passed around a plate that had some money on it; but I didn't take any."

TO MAKE A MAN LOVE.—A wag says it is "folly to expect a girl to love a man whom everybody speaks well of. Get up a persecution, and her affections will cling so fast that a dozen guardians can't begin to remove them."

SPOUTING.—"Now, boys, this is a whale. Can you tell me what the whale does with all the water he swallows?" Smart boy, whose father is a pawnbroker: "Please, sir, he spouts it."

A DENTIST at work in his vocation always looks down in the mouth.

RECEIPTS.

Original.

JELLY CAKE.—1 lb. sugar, ½ lb. butter, 6 eggs, 1 lb. flour. Dissolve a piece of ammonia the size of a chestnut in a cup of milk. Mix the butter and sugar. Beat the eggs separately; add them them alternately with the flour, then add the milk, with one nutmeg grated. This may be baked in a mould. 1 lb. of currants may be added. J. W.

PLUM PUDDING.—1 lb. suet, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. currants, 1 quart milk, ½ lb. citron, 6 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teacup yeast. Flour for a stiff batter. Mix over night. Boil from 8 till 2. Chop the suet very fine and rub through collander.

A NEVER FAILING CURE FOR CHOLERA MORBUS, OR DIARRHŒA, OR SICK STOMACH.—Put 10 drops of vinegar in a little sugar and water—grate nutmeg over it. This simple remedy has been used with wonderful success. H. R.

TEA CAKE.—1 pint boiling water, and 1 tablespoonful of butter, 1 teaspoonful of lard, 1 small cup of brown sugar, 1 teaspoonful of salt, and 1 egg. Of this make a stiff batter; add 1 teacup of yeast before it is quite stiff enough. Grease and flour the pan. J. W.

Selected.

SAVORY FOWL.—For this dish an old fowl is as good, or better, than a young one. Stew it gently in a small quantity of water till so tender that the bones slip away; then bone your fowl, putting the pieces together in shape as much as possible. The liquor in which the fowl was boiled ought to be good strong stock; if not sufficiently gelatinous add a little isinglass or gelatine; stir in a little salt and white pepper to taste, and half a nutmeg, grated. Boil some eggs hard, and slice them; also chop some parsley. Take your mould, or a deep pie-dish, and pour in a little stock, and let it begin to cool; then dispose some of your slices of egg, and sprinkle in some of your parsley, and lay on them the fowl as already prepared; round the sides of the mould place the remaining slices of egg, and sprinkle your parsley according to taste; then fill up with the stock, and bake for half-an-hour in a moderately cool oven; when quite cold, turn out, and you have a very nice and pretty dish, the eggs and parsley showing through the jelly.

BLANC MANGE OF CARRIGEEN.—Wash ½ oz. Carrigeen moss; put it to boil in 2 quarts good milk; a little salt. While boiling, sweeten to taste, and flavor with vanilla; let it boil 10 minutes; then pour it into moulds, and eat with cream or soft custard. Gelatin B. M. is made by putting 1 package to the above; soaking it 20 minutes in cold water, previously.

ITALIAN DISHES.—There are two dishes so greatly relished by the Romans, that I verily believe they would eat of them until absolutely surfeited. The one is a soup called capelletto, literally small hats, in which float, as the name implies, diminutive hats made of paste moulded into the form of a hat, and filled with spiced meats; the other, the orthodox and indigenous macaroni, which, dressed in various ways, is always a favorite *bonne bouche* among Italians. To me, the justice done by a Roman family gathered round their dishes, for the soup in question may be so called, is a sight which does not tend to increase my admiration of, at all events, young handsome ladies. "Unless you eat largely you cannot be well," is a common remark among Romans; and I have even heard the death of a lady attributed to insufficient eating. Let it not be imagined that this picture is overdrawn. Eating enormously is the rule, and not the exception, in Rome, among the Romans; nor did it appear to me that anything came amiss to them.—*Last Winter in Rome, by C. R. Weld.*

A SELL.—A charming French actress, embarking with a rich monsieur from France, dropped a small box overboard, as if by accident, whereupon she cried out in despair, "The diamonds of my child! Lost! lost! mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" She was consoled as well as possible at the time by her wealthy admirer making her a costly present. Subsequently the box was fished up, and, for a considerable reward, transferred to him. What was his astonishment on finding it contained only *dominoes!*

A BAD EXCHANGE.—An ill-looking fellow was asked how he could account for Nature's forming him so ugly. "Nature was not to blame," said he, "for when I was two months of age I was considered the handsomest child in the neighborhood, but my nurse, to revenge herself upon my parents for some fancied injury at their hands, one day *swapped me away* for another boy belonging to a friend of hers, whose child was rather plain-looking."

SHOAL WATER.—"I've heard, captain," said an English traveller to the captain of a steamer running on the upper Mississippi, "that your Western steamboats can run in very shoal water—where, in fact, the water is not more than two or three feet deep!" "*Two or three feet deep!*" exclaimed the captain, in tones of withering contempt; "why, we wouldn't give a straw for a boat out here that *couldn't run on the sweat of a water-pitcher!*"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LET THEM GO TO GRASS.

Gentlemen farmers, and gentleman who are not farmers, and farmers who are not gentlemen, living anywhere in the grassy regions, and keeping carriage-horses, shut up all winter, and then all summer, in close, hard-floored stables, feeding them everlastingly on conventional, dry horse-feed, please put in practice your philosophy, and exercise in some degree the Golden Rule—"For whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them"—horses included. Pray, consult your reasoning faculties, and say frankly, if you were a horse, still having possession of human reason, you would not protest against an eternal autocratic regimen of dry oats, dry hay, and dry mixed feed, with only cold water rations to wet down the everlasting drought!

Horse organization is not so essentially different from that of humanity that an equine animal would not be equally benefitted with a human one by a seasonable change of diet. It is probable that many of the minor and several of the major ills that horse-flesh is liable to, are induced by a long-continued, unvaried practice of close stabling and arbitrary bread and-water diet. Among the free, wild rovers of the South American llanos and pampas, such things as cholic, botts, spavins, founders, ringbones, or indeed any of the long list of equine ailings so common with us, are never known, and the average duration of horse-life, is three times as great as it is in the United States.

We find it to our physical advantage to take to vegetables and fruits, fresh from the hand of Nature, as the seasons afford them, and should find it equally so to that of our stabled horses if we would but allow them to "go to grass" through the summer and fall months, restraining their out-door exercises only just so much as will be necessary to prevent excesses in eating during their first week of field liberty.

Reason teaches, and practice has proven, that under almost all conditions and circumstances a winter-stabled animal is very greatly benefitted by an hour's liberty each day, of field exercise and grass diet, beginning the indulgences, say, in June, after the turf has become firm and elastic, and the grasses have acquired wholesome body and maturity.

BUTTER MAKING.

There is no earthly or unearthly reason why, in all the midland and western regions where good pasturage and good water abound, there should not be produced just as good butter as was ever manufactured in Orange or any other county of the Empire state. There is no mystery about butter-making that ought to confine the production of a superior quality to limits so narrow as an individual state.

Instead of the greasy, streaky, strong, rancid abomination, by a great stretch of courtesy called *butter*, with which the markets and tables of many places are supplied, it is quite as easy for all butter-makers to give us a sweet, uniform colored, clean cutting, delicious article, by simply abating their slovenly, careless, barbarian practices. We are eating daily as fine, delicious golden butter, made from the milk of a little "native," at the rate of ten pounds per week, fed on clover grown on the bosom of Jersey sand, as ever was sent to market from Goshen or anywhere else.

Among the requisites for the production of good butter are—first, good cows, then good feed; clean, tidy milking; a cool, clean, sweet dairy; shallow earthen or glass pans, that the cream may rise quickly before the milk begins to turn sour or bitter; vigorous churning and "working" of the butter, washing thoroughly in plenty of pure, soft, cold water, washing out and working out every drop of buttermilk; then fine, clean salt, and just enough of it; and, above all, scrupulous cleanliness in everything. No butter, however good may be the prime material of its manufacture, will keep long, or to ever fit to eat, if foul with foreign filth, no matter whether visible or invisible. There would be an immense falling off in the consumption of the material if our townspeople could see but a tithe of the abominations incorporated with some people's butter.

Within these six months a railroad accident made us the unwilling guest at a farm-house where from forty to fifty pounds of prize butter were made weekly for the city market. The old shanty of a kitchen was the dairy, and these are a few of the things we saw in that dairy at one churning:

Churn washed out with dish water and greasy dish-cloth that had done duty on dishes for thirteen in the family. Strainer, a linen article of baby's under-wear, the color of a last year's haystack. Puppy lapping from the milk-pail on the floor; two cats breakfasting on and whitening their whiskers in the cream on the table; a drowned mouse and three magnificent big bugs floating in as many unskimmed pans; and the butter worked over with a pair of paws that looked like potato-diggers. We *sopped* our bread in pork gravy while we tarried at that farm-house.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 47 letters.
My 2, 9, 12, 17, 10, 41, 18, 5, 19, is "played out."
My 1, 42, 39, 28, 27, 38, 24, 6, 28, 4, 41, 37, 43, 47, 36, is a laughable event of the war.
My 11, 20, 44, 23, 5, 8, 7, 39, 40, 25, was the scene of important events both in the beginning and end of the war.
My 31, 14, 15, 33, 45, 34, was a noted guerilla.
My 12, 44, 32, 33, 33, was a noted rebel general.
My 16, 29, 37, 10, 26, 47, was a severe battle of 1862.
My 46, 21, 13, 12, 30, 44, 36, 24, 22, was a rebel general who surrendered his entire force, with a very important point, to the Union army.
My 20, 18, 25, 33, 37, 34, 18, 6, was one of the principal of the seceded states.
My 27, 45, 44, 2, 6, 43, 8, 28, was a noted Union naval officer.
My 44, 35, 44, 33, 37, 20, 45, 41, was an American poet of distinction.
My 16, 39, 8, 6, 25, 39, was a distinguished American artist of early times.
My whole is the name of a distinguished American inventor, together with the invention.

CURTIS EVERETT.

Bryan, Williams Co., N. Y.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 8, 2, 6, 12, is a girl's name.
My 9, 2, 13, is a division of time.
My 4, 19, 8, 11, 7, 15, is a boy's name.
My 11, 2, 18, 8, 11, is a sharp instrument.
My 10, 2, 1, 5, is what men strive to gain.
My 12, 2, 11, 20, is a title of nobility.
My 14, 2, 6, 17, is poverty.
My 16, 9, 13, 20, is a short poem.
My whole is a Union general. S. H. G.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a point of the compass.
My second is either a pigment, a bird, or a fish.
My third is real estate.
My whole is a county of England.

JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is a part of the human body.
My 2d is a pronoun.
My 3d is a preposition.
My 4th is what traitors deserve.
My whole is a beautiful flower. S. H. G.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Omit my 1st, and I am one of the points of the compass.
Omit my 3d and 5th, and I signify assent.
My 5th, 3d, and 1st, is a river.
My 2d, 3d, 4th, and 1st, betokens smoothness.
My 4th, 5th, and 1st, is a pen.
My whole is much used by bakers.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An ancient mathematician.
A canton of Switzerland.
An animal.
A town of European Turkey.
A ruler.
A river of Tuscany.

My initials and finals form the mottoes of two states of the Union.

Cincinnati, Ohio. JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Geometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a plane triangle, ABC, the length of whose sides are AB—6, AC—7, and BC—8 feet, let there be inscribed another triangle, having its angular points in the sides of the given one, and its perimeter a minimum. How far from the angular points A, B, and C, will the angular points of the inscribed triangle be?

DAVID WICKERSHAM.

Clinton Co., Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required the two least whole numbers, such that by adding unity to 61 times the square of the first, it will equal the square of the second.

GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find the whole number such that if 378 times the square of the second be added to 9 times the square of the first, and 118 times the product of the first by the second be subtracted from the sum, it will leave the least possible remainder. MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why is a newspaper like an army? Ans.—Because it contains many columns.

☞ What is the difference between a studious scholar and an old maid? Ans.—One loves to cipher, and the other sighs for a lover.

☞ What is the difference between a railroad conductor and a bad cold? Ans.—One knows the stops, and the other stops the nose.

☞ Why is a woman who has a husband that chastises her, like a drunkard? Ans.—Because she loves her licker (liquor.)

☞ When is a flower like a rock? Ans.—When it is blasted.

☞ Why is the letter P like original sin? Ans.—Because it makes all fall. A. P. L.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Sleeping for the Flag." ENIGMA—"In God is our Trust." RIDDLE—Store, (Tore, Ore, Sore, Rest, Erse.) DOUBLE REBUS—London, Naples, (London, Ore, Nap, Daniel, Ode, Naples.) CHARADE FOR THE DRESS CIRCLE—Water-fall.